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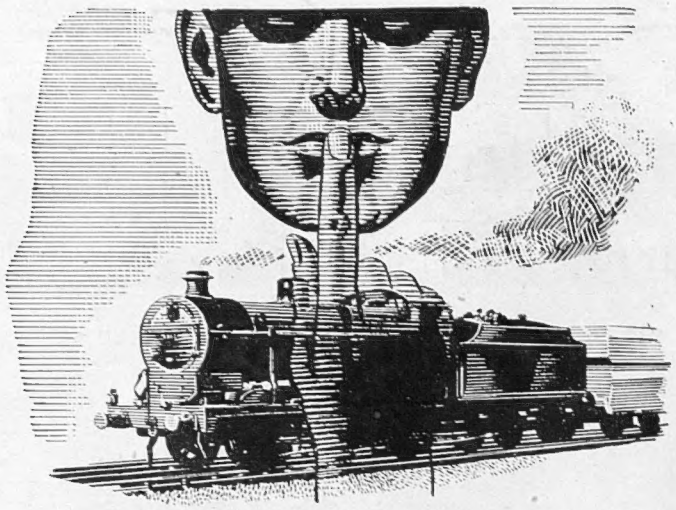

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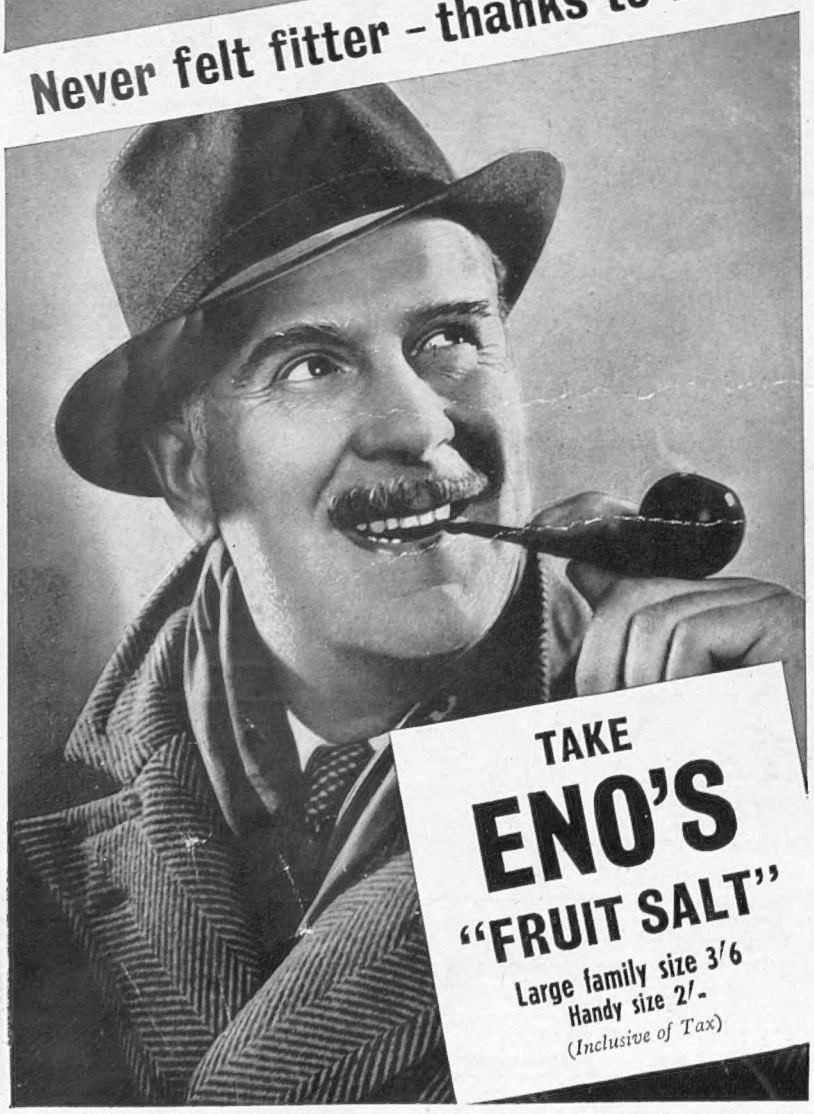

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Volume CLXXIV No. 2270 The SPHERE, London, July 24, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE INVASION ARMADA GATHERS IN THE NORTH AFRICAN PORTS. THE AMAZING SCENE IN ONE OF THE HARBOURS AS THE GREAT ALLIED FORCE MASSED FOR THE JOURNEY TO SICILY : Some of the men are resting on the beach whilst others board the new-type landing craft

FOR months before the actual invasion date, landing craft had been gathering in the North African ports. They nestled in small harbours strung all along the coast, where they were a constant target for enemy air attacks. Some of the vessels destined to take part in the assault were of the new type shown in this picture, with pointed bows in place of the square-ended bows of earlier types. These vessels had been built in the Middle West of the United States, and had actually crossed the Atlantic crammed with troops and tanks for the assault on Sicily. Other ships of the armada had been gathered from Britain. As zero hour approached, the greatest maritime spectacle of all times was witnessed. There were British, Canadian and American convoys : troops, supplies, guns and vehicles were gathered for embarkation ; and the Royal Navy guarded it all with a tremendous force of warships. By July 9 the great armada was on its way !

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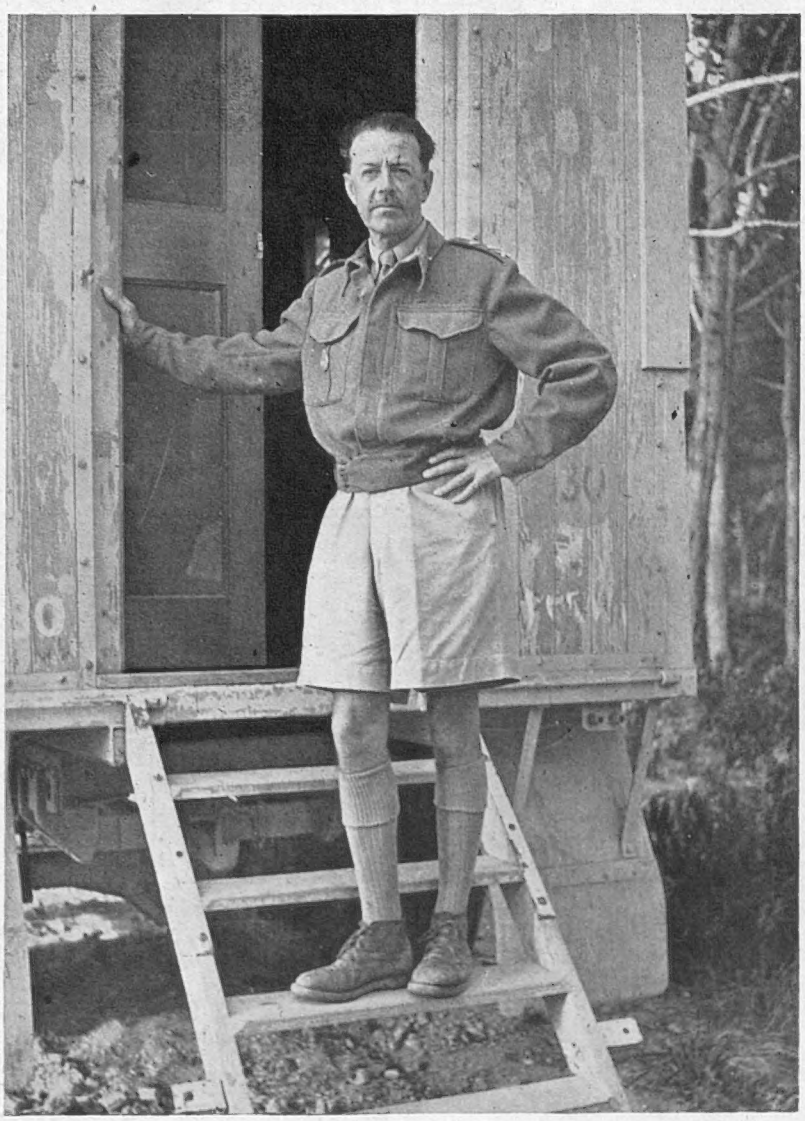
A WAR NEWSLETTER No. 203

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Sicily.—A campaign like the Sicilian puts the weekly journalist at a disadvantage. Most of his comments (and he cannot but write them from day to day, since his interest in progress is at fever heat) must be stale news, or proved bad guesses, by the time they are in print. But the daily commentator's views and prophecies, if contradicted by events, are forgotten in the new interests of to-morrow's situation, and he is free to guess again without loss of face. I have felt this difficulty. If progress in the Sicilian campaign seemed in the first few days slow and the difficulties immensely great, a review of the first week's achievements affords a heartening picture. The anticipated reactions of the enemy by sea and in the air and on land, too, have not materialised, at the time of writing, with anything like the expected force, and I, for one, am inclined to swing over to the optimism which has constantly been expressed by statesmen and war leaders in England and America—to the belief that the pace will quicken and that suddenly we shall be aware of results enormously more important than the methodical progress, village by village, town by town, airfield by airfield, the first few days envisaged. Confidence is in the air—supremacy at sea and in the air seems to be unchallenged, and the views expressed in Berlin do not modify that confidence. One suddenly sees the Sicilian campaign in the light of an assault on a great Axis Reservoir dam. It begins with methodical *chipping* to weaken the wall. But at last the wall goes, and the pent-up flood pours out, fans out, and carries all before it. The rate of advance to Ragusa or Catania (which was satisfactorily fast in the circumstances) may very well afford no clue to the rate of further progress nor to the big results of the first methodical stages. The "chipping" is weakening more than the Sicilian Wall. It is felt all along the Axis Wall. The sound of it is heard in Rome and in Berlin.



GENERAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER, who is Deputy Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces invading Sicily (under General Eisenhower), and Military Governor of the Island. With him is General Sir Bernard Montgomery who actually commands the British forces on the island — the same combination as in Tunisia! This new study of General Alexander was taken at his Mediterranean Battle Headquarters, a caravan in the woods

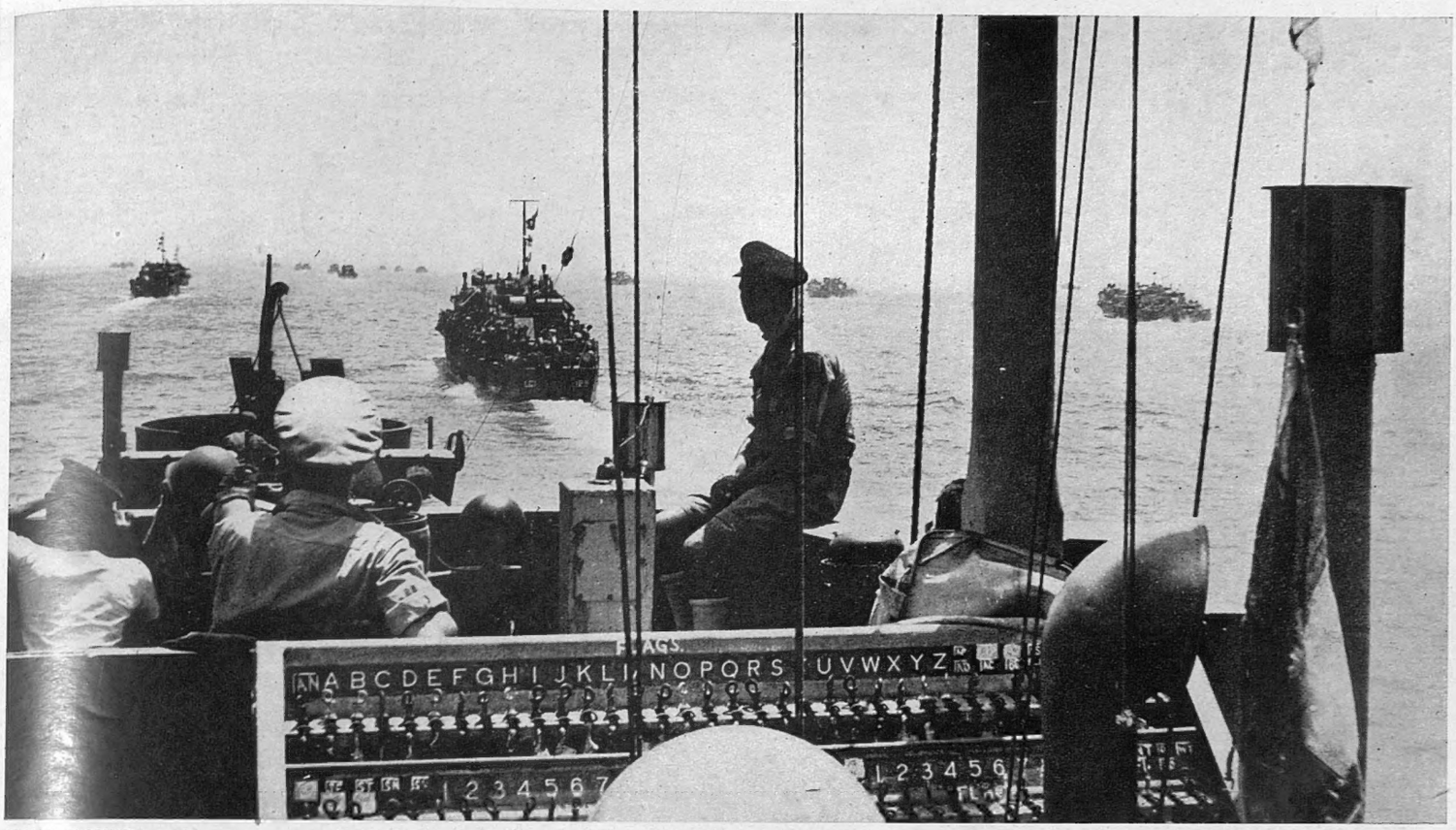
Big with Possibilities.—By Sunday, July 18, the Allies held a third of the area of Sicily (I reckon). A series of narrow bridgeheads had fanned out into a straight line running from Agrigento, on the south-west, to within a few miles of Catania, in the plain of rivers and dikes and marshes, where progress with armour slowed down and resistance showed some stiffening by German armoured units. A third of Sicily well-found in communications and in excellent port facilities. The evidence seemed to show that Italian military resistance was slight everywhere on the British and Canadian sectors, from the Generals down to the privates, and that the prisoners and the civilians were only too anxious to voice their hatred and contempt of the Fascist regime. These proofs, cumulatively considered, seemed more than the normal "favour-currying" to be expected of "peace-loving" prisoners and of civilians overrun by their enemies. They afforded chapter and verse for the confident assurances from Allied Intelligence channels of the state of Italian feeling, which justified the latest Allied manifesto broadcast over Italy. The trouble, of course, is the lack of time and will to organise. A majority of the Italians, I can well believe, ardently long for peace, long to be spared the horrors and devastations of war and would welcome an honourable submission and escape. But Fascism has had twenty years start and is entrenched. Opposition is dispersed, leaderless and probably torn by minor dissensions and political divergencies. The expectation that any organised resistance to Mussolini can come in time to hasten the progress of our military invasion is perhaps too much to expect. We know already, however, that the anti-Fascist elements in Italy will do much to ease and sweeten the civil side of the administration of the conquered territory. Command of sea and air remains unchallenged, and "business done" in these first few days is clearly well up to the most confident expectations of our leaders. And any moment the dam may burst here, or other serious breaches appear elsewhere. The auguries are good.

Stalin Hits Back.—The news of the Russian counter-offensive north of the Orel battleground is significant news. Whether it end in big business, or has a limited objective, significance is attached to it. For it reveals a Russian war-machine keyed up to offence and Russian war leaders who long since have coolly calculated the Nazis' remaining potential strength and danger (both great), and set these calculations beside those which concern Nazi weaknesses and present handicaps. These last also grow increasingly great, and we may be very certain that the temporary failure of the U-boat campaign, the ever-increasing hammering of the Ruhr and the invasion of the "underbelly," following on the Tunisian victory and the freeing of the Mediterranean, are to-day, in Stalin's mind, among the chief causes of these embarrassments. For the first time in this long war the Allies are playing (because able to play) the game of "second front" with the technique which alone can justify the use of the term. It is the technique of cat and mouse; the initiative is the cat's, and the cat must never lose it. The paw darts out here, then there; the mouse never has a chance to run to cover. But the mouse is still a whale of a mouse. The significance of the new Russian offensive lies in much more than this proof that the technique of the game is now established and in use. It is a proof of Russian power by no means diminished by years of attrition and oceans of blood spilt. The Orel offensive was more costly to both sides even than Stalingrad at its bitterest phases before the debacle. The Russians halted it and leaped in with a lightning punch at another point. The time has come at last when the Nazis can no longer keep their eyes on the point of danger. The dam is crumbling and the sea is trickling through an increasing number of breaches. There is confidence in the air which the Allies breathe. That is good, if it be confidence without relaxation, and instinct with realism. I myself have been surprised in the recent past by the confidence expressed by Russian and other Allied war leaders. I have dismissed much of it as "for propaganda purposes." I ask myself to-day, with sober, yet frantic hope: Is our salvation indeed nearer than we believe?

"Mare Nostrum."—The art of painting a picture with brush or pen or tongue is, no doubt, a very important art. The average man cannot paint such a picture even to satisfy himself. A country you never visited, a man or woman you never saw, the implications and conditions attending an adventure in which you took no part—all these are blurs, obscurities, guess-work, until at last someone with the power to paint gets to work on your behalf. The invasion of Europe is an instance in point. We all knew that the venture would require a pretty big armada. Indeed, we were long anxious that Stalin should understand what we, a maritime people, affected to know. But we ourselves did not know. I only got a glimmer of what that adventure meant from the naval point of view when I listened to Commander Kimmins, a skilled painter. Two thousand British ships and Allied ships—ships stretching across the Mediterranean from the African coast, ships dotted over the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Cyprus, ships jostling one another off Southern Sicily, so that you could walk dry-shod from deck to deck of Allied shipping. And this armada did not discharge their freights and then run for it. They remain, sail back and forth, ply across, come and go, doing their job of maintenance and supply, pounding shore targets, keeping watch and ward, waiting for the enemy's attack from the air, from the sea, from under the sea, and perfectly confident of being able to deal with it, if ever it come seriously. *Mare nostrum.* We learn at last the meaning of the African victories and the meaning of sea-power. We get at last a clearer picture of what the invasion of Europe Europe means. This knowledge was locked up in the minds of a few men who were planning that "Second Front" a year ago, and facing, as they planned and scraped, the music of ill-informed and petulant criticism based not on hard facts, but on moonshine.

Private Secretary to the King.—Sir Alan Lascelles has succeeded Sir Alexander Hardinge as Private Secretary to the King. Succeeding Lord Wigram, Sir Alexander has ably carried on, and with notable dignity, in the present reign the great tradition of silent service which this important post calls for. It continues to grow in importance with the increase in the *constitutional* importance of the example set by the Sovereign in his personal conduct, public and private. So far from signing away, the Statute of Westminster has rather added to the responsibilities and importance of the Monarchy; and the personal character and sense of duty of the fifth and sixth Georges have immensely strengthened its hold on the Empire's respect and affection and loyalty. The post of King's Private Secretary has always demanded, and been filled by, men of outstanding character and selflessness. Experience has come to them gradually by use and practice. Qualities which must be strong in them are loyalty, tact, sense of humour, a knowledge of men and how to deal with them, a gluttony for work, complete political impartiality, moral courage, a fine restraint and a total absence of personal ambition. The post is not an old one. It began with Sir Herbert Taylor in 1805. Before the reign of George III, the Home Secretary was deemed to fill the office for his Sovereign. In 140 years the names of the holders have been few. They enjoyed long reigns, doing their difficult job well. Among them stand out the names of General Grey, Sir Henry Ponsonby and Sir Arthur Bigge, who all served Queen Victoria. The last-named served also her grandson, King George V. Among them they combined all the qualities named. One was outstanding for tact and sense of humour; another perhaps for experience of draughtsmanship and procedure, and power of work; all, named and unnamed, holders of the office have revealed high qualities, and most of them remarkably high. Sir Alan Lascelles's apprenticeship has been as thorough as Bigge's, his experience wider even than was Bigge's in 1911, his personal acquaintance with Empire personalities and conditions perhaps fuller than that of any predecessor on taking office, and his natural qualities assure to him in full measure the essential attributes required for the holder of this important, honourable and difficult post which has produced so notable a list of great public servants in a silent service peculiarly personal and essentially national.

THE OLD STAGER



SICILY BOUND: HOW THE ALLIED LANDING CRAFT LEFT THE NORTH AFRICAN PORTS ON THEIR WAY TO BEGIN THE INVASION OF THE "FORTRESS EUROPA." In order to make the rendezvous at the right time, the ships had to leave their ports long beforehand and with clockwork precision. Though they sailed by circuitous routes, the time-tables worked perfectly, the only delays being caused by unexpected bad weather

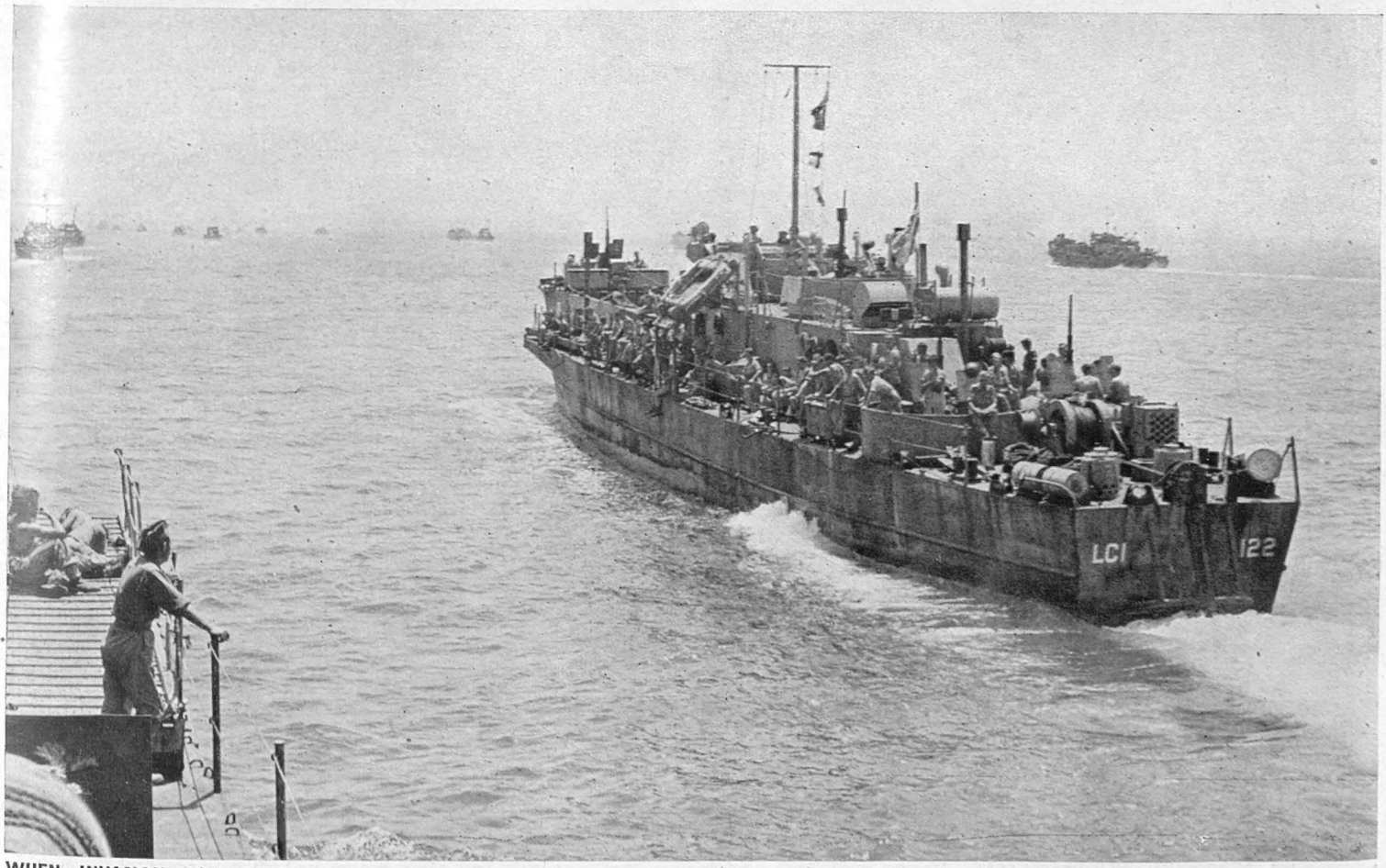
THE ARMADA SETS SAIL

The Great Fleet of Invasion Craft Heads for Sicily in the Evening of July 9

For months before July 9—the day on which the invasion armada sailed—the ships had been gathering in the North African ports. When the great day came, the little ships came out of their harbours and steamed through the Mediterranean towards Sicily—vast convoys of them extending for miles, and each ship packed tight with men and munitions. The wind had risen and the sea was exceptionally rough: but the vessels ploughed on to their goal—and made it.

It was a stupendous task to take these great convoys through one of the narrowest Channels to their destination, so that each ship should arrive at her scheduled landing beach at the right moment. In an amphibious operation, the Navy has complete charge until the troops actually put their feet on land. All the ships were off Sicily within an hour and a half of zero hour: the few delays were due to unexpected bad weather which proved too much for some of the craft. But the rest of the armada was through to time and losses en route were negligible. The actual assault was made in the dark hours of the morning of July 10: it was as brilliantly executed as it was daringly conceived.

As zero hour came, there were so many ships ready for the attack that some of the naval officers thought there would not be room for all! At dawn, as light crept over the sky, an amazing sight was revealed. As far as the eye could see were craft of every imaginable type riding proudly two miles from the shore.



WHEN INVASION DAY CAME THE LITTLE SHIPS CAME OUT OF THEIR HARBOURS AND STEAMED THROUGH THE MEDITERRANEAN TOWARDS SICILY. Vast convoys of them extended for miles, each one tightly packed with troops, guns, tanks and war equipment. Most of the journey was made in the dark, so that the arrival of the invasion fleet off Sicily could coincide with the dawn

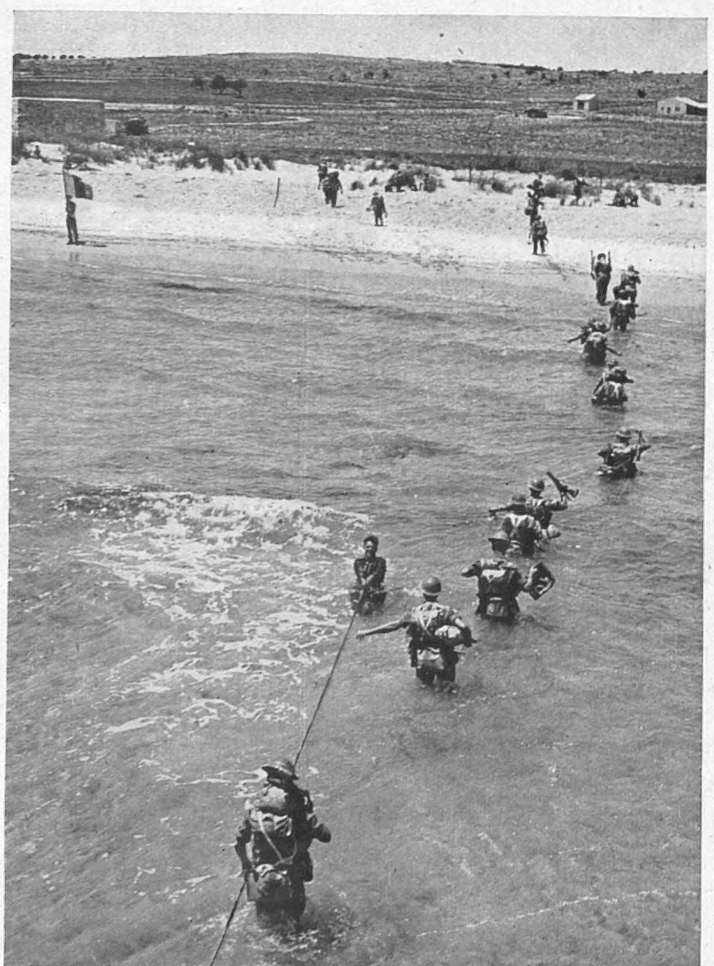
The LANDINGS on the BEACHES

How the Allied Invaders of Sicily Went Ashore

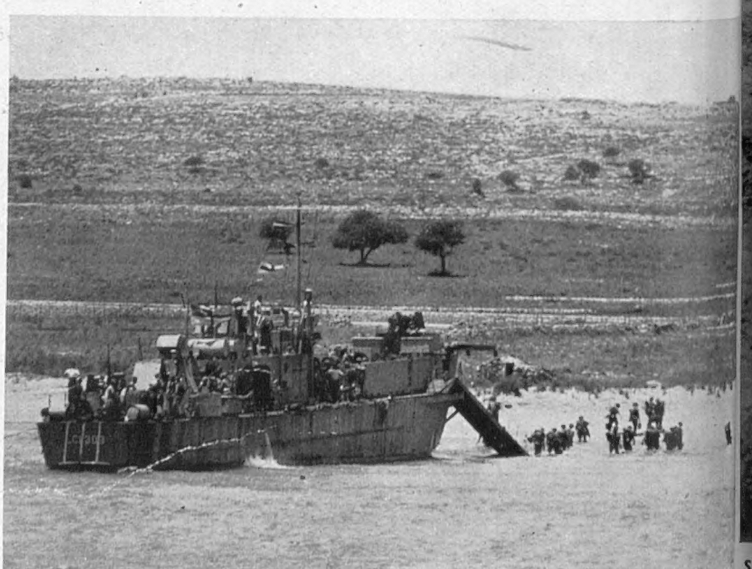
THE NEW-TYPE INVASION CRAFT ANCHOR OFF THE SHORES OF SICILY. The men went ashore with only small packs on their backs : the large packs and kit-bags were to follow. The sea, which had been rough at first, had subsided and the men were able to reach the shore through shallow waters

INFANTRY COMING DOWN THE LADDERS LOWERED AT EACH SIDE OF T[HE] LANDING CRAFT. Some of the craft actually bumped over the roc[k] close inshore before the ladders were lowered. Then, led by t[heir] officers, the men "took off" for the short trip to the beaches

AMPHIBIOUS INVASION CRAFT ADVANCE ON THE BEACHES OF CAPE PASSERO, carryi[ng] Canadian assault troops to their first objectives near Pachino. These vessels are equall[y] at home on the water and on land. Although details were already known, the fir[st] appearance of these craft in actual landing operations has caused a considerable sensatio[n]



ON SOME OF THE BEACHES THERE WAS LITTLE OPPOSITION : Guided by life-lines and carrying light battle equipment, the men wade ashore. Block-houses and pill-boxes dotted the beaches, but in many cases there was only sporadic rifle and machine-gun fire. The heavy seas had by this time subsided to a slight swell which kicked up but a little surf



THE UNDULATING HILLS OF SICILY AS THE INVADERS SAW THEM. This big vessel h[as] gone right in, so that only a narrow strip of water separated the Allied invad[ers] from the beach. The latter appears to be deserted, although a light barbed-w[ire] barrier is discernible in the foreground. This picture gives a very good idea of t[he] general outline of our new-type invasion craft

UNLOADING STORES FROM THE TANK-CARRYING TYPE OF LANDING CRAFT AFTER A FOOTHOLD HAD BEEN SECURED ON THE SICILIAN BEACHES

Two thousand ships of all types, from battleships down to amphibious jeeps, took part in the first landings. Opposition at some beaches was so negligible that the ships moved to within a few hundred yards of the shore, thus saving many vital hours in disembarkation. After the infantry had gone ashore, craft carrying equipment and supplies of all descriptions moved in until the sea was thick with ships. Soon groups of men bared to the waist were unloading ammunition and piling the cases up on the beach for transference by lorry into the interior in the wake of the advancing assault troops. It is interesting to note in this picture the size of some of the vessels lying off-shore, some of which appear to be cargo-carrying vessels and ocean-going liners of considerable size. As soon as the ships had unloaded they returned to North Africa for further stores and supplies

SKELETON DEFENCES ON THE BEACHES OF SICILY, LIKE THESE TWO THIN ROWS OF BARBED WIRE, "FOLDED LIKE A CONCERTINA" (as one correspondent described it) before the first rush of the eager Canadians. Here, barges on the right are disgorging tanks, mechanised equipment and supplies of all kinds on a beach in the Cape Passero tip. The sea is thick with shipping, and the beach is already becoming littered with the material landed from them. What appears to be a signalling device is seen on the extreme right, and near it is one of the loud-hailers used by the beachmaster to speak to the incoming invasion craft. Bren guns, field guns, lorries, tanks and a host of other equipment had already been safely landed when this picture was taken

SOUTHERN ITALY WAS NOT FOR TOURISTS

A Preliminary Discussion of the Further Possibilities Opened Up by the Sicilian Invasion. By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT seems many Italians are convinced that, all going well with his arms, General Eisenhower plans to strike from Eastern Sicily across the "boot" of Southern Italy to the Adriatic shore, and thence by short sea passage to Albania; and that this conviction has led to the bulk of Italians studying the south as they never did before.

Atlases are out. Where are the danger-points? The best resistance centres? Junctions of communications? Mountain defiles? Ports and airfields? Books are opened. What are the people like in the south? How do they live, and where? For it is a fact that until the 'thirties not many more Italians visited the south than this region drew of foreigners, which was almost nil, and that such meagre exploration as thereafter developed was usually bound up with business.

Thirty-five millions in the relatively sophisticated northern and middle portions of the country continued to betray small interest in 5,000,000 Italians living below the Salerno-Foggia line, which roughly confined an inferior breed in an inferior region, whose claims to attention resided in agriculture and ports, and little else.

"There's nothing worth seeing south of Naples," said nearly all the guides.

It isn't strictly so. There is the picturesque Bay of Salerno, past Amalfi, and on to Paestum and its Grecian temple ruins. There are the romanesque survivals between Brindisi and Bari, although one needs to be the enthusiast. There is Reggio and the majestic Messina Strait, more associated, it is true, with the far greater rival attraction of Sicily. There is the rugged wildness of the Apennines leading down in all directions through deep valleys to the sea and a white fishing village.

Still, compared with what the rest of Italy has to show, this is a meagre budget, and it does not gain if one add that the main touristic quality is a fine motoring surface, that inns and food are apt to be flea-y and garlicky respectively, and the climate much of the time either moist heat or, in winter, rain and storm. For such as quicken to roughing it in wild surroundings, it's all right. One can pinch the not numerous livestock, swat the more prevalent mosquito, and smoke the domestic odours away. And I see nothing wrong with the meal that kept cropping up: a dish of kid, leaf spinach and olives, peaches, with a stimulating white wine, though one stumbled at the supercharged goat cheese and the bread was powdery.

Yet it is true I never went by choice or preference to southern Italy. Each time I was sent there. First to a rest camp at Taranto (the B.B.C. does such dazzling pronunciations: why not try "Tahrentoe?") en route for Alexandria. Next in order to observe a certain friar of Foggia, who had got the women all hysterical by pretending to the divine stigmata. Later to write about an earthquake near Potenza. Finally, to the Apulian coast, where, in 1937, I thought Mussolini was staging a hop to Albania; a hunch out by a couple of years.

Four *compartimenti* make up the south, which is about equal in size to fifteen average English counties.

Campania, or the southern portion of this province, extends from Salerno down the west coast to where Calabria begins. This south-west coast is not so good for invaders: rocky, very few ports and these more like fishing inlets, and, all the time, behind the brooding Apennine barrier, which has been a special death-trap for flyers. A valuable trunk road, long and lonely, skirts the shore right down to Reggio, which, telescoped into San Giovanni, is the only big port. Reggio is also the hub of the agricultural processing industry, for which the southerners have to thank the Fascists.

Calabria forms the famous "toe" itself. It is practically all mountainous, with such towns as there are well inland. Most of the time it is a case of white-washed villages usually removed from road or railway and situate a little up the slope on either side of the valley, which is the governing channel of life. Other villages look as if hewn in the rock. Here and there one comes upon a grey and weather-beaten old castle, and to this day the peasants will make for this feudal relic in time of stress. When slight earth tremors panic an easily excitable and very superstitious community, women and old people, tugging children, are drawn to the Castello.

This article is not an invasion chart, but an invader will cast more interested glances towards the next province, Lucania, which, though also preponderantly mountainous, shows some flat coastal stretches round the sweeping Bay of Taranto. This is where the airfields become more frequent. Lucania is the most ragged and illiterate region, very poor and primitive still. Save for ugly, modern Taranto, a brand of Italian Portsmouth. Though Taranto is in Apulia, it has risen mushroom-like since the days when kilts were not allowed in the town, because, said the mayor and corporation, they excited the curiosity of sheltered womanhood. Apulia, fronting the Adriatic, is the most interesting part. From Otranto up to beyond Bari there are ports and harbours, the coast is flat, the water shallow, and the climate temperate, except in high summer.

BEFORE THE INVASION—IN PALERMO, THE CAPITAL OF SICILY. Inhabitants scan a news-sheet pinned to the wall, for the latest announcements of the damage wrought by Allied bombers during the "softening-up" of the island. An idea of the effect of these raids on Palermo itself is provided by the ruins seen in this picture

Apulia is very largely flat. It is also very fertile; and prosperous for the south. It even has a university—at Bari, the only one in the south—and hotels capable of bearing one or even two stars. For, aside from the military, places like Bari, Brindisi, Foggia and Trani attract in normal times a small processioning of romanesque and baroque enthusiasts.

For those who would gain acquaintance with the southern Italians, there is Silone's revealing *Fontamara*, in the Penguin series. This fine writer tells of the suspicion of change, the antagonism to central authority, the weird morals and superstitions, the pervading American note in the back of these bucolics' minds, due to the wholesale migrating. On that earthquake jaunt I ran into a returned "Americano" near Cosenza, who took a poor view of the siesta. "I no want siesta," he said. "Waste time. I do plenty things in siesta." It spurred me to write "The Man Who Conquered the Siesta," but, as I recall that yarn, he didn't conquer it for long and got himself into an extremely indecorous tangle by his activities while households slept.

Another thing that Silone brought out has keen point to-day. These peasants, anarchical in some respects—many are still rooted in Catholicism—have stuck around their priests. And this fact has added to their sullen resentment at Fascist intrusion in their affairs. Even when the Fascists were patently doing good, as when they set about modernising agricultural production, they drew hostile looks. They might irrigate, they might build processing factories doubling local sales, they might construct roads and viaducts and power-stations and branch lines, all designed to facilitate marketing of produce. The result was in the nature of a sullen "Thanks, and now you can go."

Yet, if the Fascists had not made the improvements they did, when they did, much of the south must have sunk into a new and greater poverty. The stopping of Italian immigration by the United States was a terrible blow to the south which for nearly fifty years had sent scores of thousands each year over to the New World, and now found this priceless relief restricted to an inconsiderable annual intake in South America.

From 1923 onward, work had to be found at home for most of the young people south of the Salerno-Foggia line, and the Fascists came to the rescue. They also built schools throughout regions whose illiteracy was 50 or 60 per cent. after the last war. Of course, the Fascists were pushing their own gospel, but they did things whose effect was beneficial.

All that one can in some safety say regarding the likely attitude of these southern peasants towards an invader is that there will be no guerrilla or out-of-sight worrying of him; rather, a moody, detached contemplation out of which the locals might be shaken by skilful insinuation of "Americanos," one-generation emigrants, in the invasion forces.

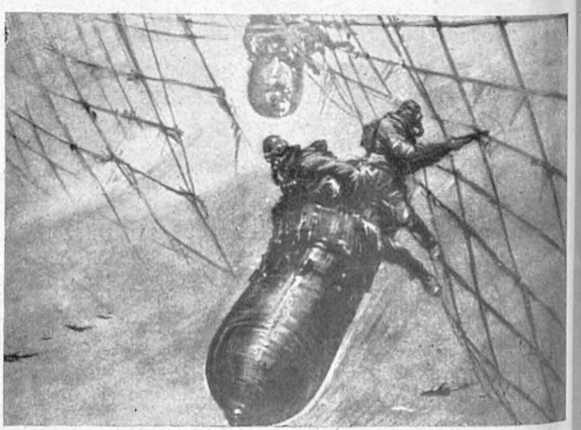
All peasants want to do is to get on with their labour in the fields, come army, come air force. And in this sparsely inhabited south two in three are on the land and the majority of the remainder connected in some form with agricultural industry and transport. The only big outside industry I know of is the shipbuilding of Taranto.

All over the south, what isn't rugged mountain country nearly void of population, by far the greater part is given over to vineyards, lemon groves, cherry and peach orchards, olive and almond-trees without end. Rare open country has corn, chiefly in the Apulian flats.

The raising of livestock, second only to agriculture, provides the south's most characteristic figure: the slow-moving shepherd in his long black cloak and usually having an umbrella under the arm that holds his high, crooked staff. Up in the heights one would come upon flocks sometimes spread over miles. Sheep, goats, undersized cattle, and what are, I believe, the last surviving buffaloes in Europe, miniature beasts.

In the factories, production at which must now be considerably interfered with, as the principal ones are in bombed centres like Reggio and Bari, tens of thousands make olive oil, soap, dried fruits, heavy wines and fruit essences. Young men and women fill these factories. Older men do the fishing, the best grounds being on the Adriatic side. Of minerals, I never heard.

A hard and forbidding country to penetrate until you get to Apulia. Such is the unbeautiful, often dreary, south, by comparison with the Italy in the guide-books for tourists.



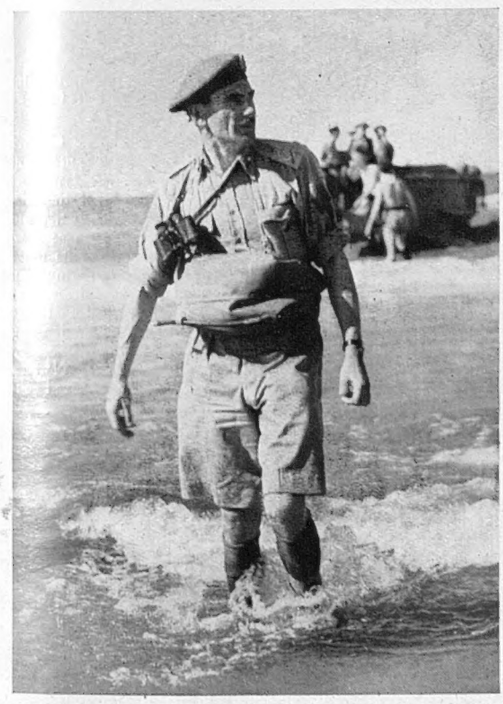
FOOTNOTE: THE ITALIAN IMAGINATION LETS ITSELF GO!

In a recent issue we gave a reproduction of a propaganda picture issued by the Press Department of the Italian Admiralty throughout the country. This purported to show a "secret weapon"—a miniature submarine, or oversize torpedo: Here is another picture, from the same source and on the same theme. According to the caption given in both Italian and German newspapers this torpedo, manned by two men in diving dress, was successfully used in an attack on Gibraltar by the Italian Navy last September. In the course of this, these tandem-torpedoes are supposed to have penetrated the torpedo nets surrounding the British fortress and cut the nets under water to allow the passage of Italian submarines. No mention has yet been made of how the torpedo is launched or what happens to the divers after they have steered the torpedo towards its target!

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

THE ROADS FROM THE BEACHES ARE LEVELLED FOR THE SCORES OF TRANSPORT COLUMNS FROM BEACH-HEAD TO THE INTERIOR. Bull-dozers were used for this task, and soon the roughly-hewn roads were swarming with vehicles hurrying to meet the enemy. Note in this picture the amazing array of shipping anchored off the Sicilian coast and entirely unopposed by the enemy in any way

HOW the CANADIANS MADE their LANDINGS at PACHINO



THE COMMANDER OF THE CANADIANS: Major-General Guy Simonds, forty years of age and the youngest Canadian General, wades ashore from a landing craft to direct operations on land in Sicily

ROSS MUNRO (on left), Canadian War Correspondent: His first despatch was written on a cliff top under the flaming heat of a Sicilian sun on a typewriter which had previously been dunked in the water alongside the landing craft which carried him to shore. With him are Peter Stursberg, who landed at the same time, and L. S. B. Shapiro, of the *Montreal Gazette* (on right), who came shortly after with the tanks

A CANADIAN DETACHMENT ON ITS WAY INTO THE INTERIOR: A Piper, Lance-Corporal and Private march inland from the beach past one of the few pill-boxes which were part of the scanty Italian defences: These three men, all from Vancouver, were among the first Canadians to set foot on enemy soil. The Canadian assault troops overran the Pachino Peninsula within 24 hours of landing and established a firm bridgehead. When they began to exploit their gains, they took the town of Modica and captured General Davet and the whole Headquarters of the Italian 206th Division

HOW SOME OF THE SICILIAN POPULACE GREETED THE CANADIANS: Toni (on extreme left) and his donkey were part of the reception committee which met the Canadians as they landed on Sicilian soil; they helped to carry ashore supplies of food, ammunition and petrol. This first native met by the invaders had lived in Toronto for seven years prior to the war. The story of his, and his comrades', aid to the invaders greatly amused the British public!

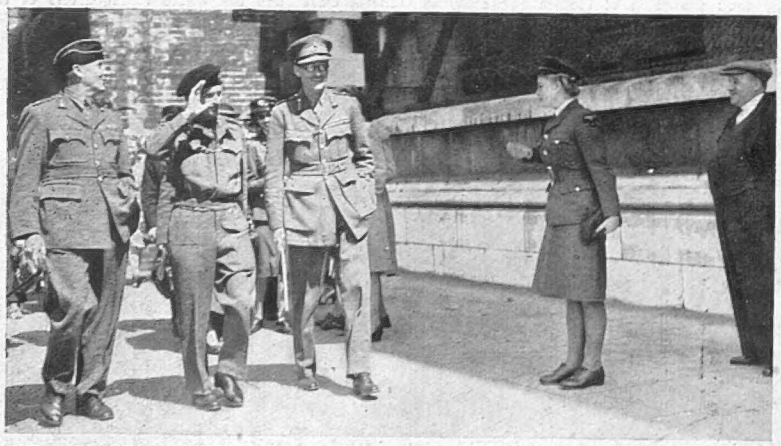
WHEN GENERAL MONTGOMERY CAME TO LONDON

A Series of Pictures taken during His Visit Here in May, which was kept a Close Secret from the Axis until after the Sicily Landings had been Accomplished

GENERAL MONTGOMERY, leader of the Eighth Army in North Africa and now commanding the British forces in Sicily, chats with Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell, Viceroy-Designate, during their meeting in London. General Montgomery was "on leave" from the Mediterranean; Field-Marshal Wavell had returned to this country from Washington

GENERAL MONTGOMERY GOES TO THE WAR OFFICE. Throughout his visit to London he wore battledress and his famous black beret

After it had been made known that General Montgomery was the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Sicily, it was also revealed—as quite a number of Londoners already knew—that he had been in London "on leave" during the latter half of May and the early part of June. The news of the General's whereabouts was, however, kept a secret from the Axis who, in fact, announced that he was at that moment in Gibraltar. The General made no secret of his movements: he stayed at a West End hotel, appeared publicly in its restaurant and travelled around in a large black car flying an Eighth Army pennant. General Montgomery's public appearances were made in battledress, with his now-famous black beret adorned with regimental crests: he went to the theatre on more than one occasion, he appeared in the streets followed always by enthusiastic crowds, and he spent part of his time visiting his schoolboy son. He flew to Britain in his own Flying Fortress, and returned to North Africa for the King's visit, when the accolade of knighthood was conferred on him.



THE AIR FORCE SALUTES THE ARMY: A scene in Whitehall, when a W.A.A.F. "came smartly to attention" as the collection of "brass hats" went by!

On right—

During his leave, General Montgomery made a special visit to Hindhead to see his only son, whom he had not seen for some time. As the General has lost his wife, Major and Mrs. Reynolds have been responsible for the care of the boy. At Amesbury School, the General put on sports jacket and slacks and spent many quiet hours in a deck-chair with David watching the cricket at the School. When he arrived in the tiny village the few inhabitants lined the country lanes to cheer the victor of Tunisia. General Montgomery often refers to the School house as his own home, as he spends a good deal of his life with the Reynoldses when he is home in England.

GENERAL SIR BERNARD MONTGOMERY, WITH HIS SON DAVID AND MRS. REYNOLDS. The last-named, with her husband, is responsible for the care of the General's son whilst his father serves abroad. This picture was taken at Amesbury School, near Hindhead, where David is now receiving his preparatory education

THE GENERAL'S BATTLE UNIFORM. Battledress, adorned with the flash of the Eighth Army; a Lieutenant-General's insignia on the shoulder; gorget patches on the collar; medal ribbons on the left breast; and the famous black beret adorned with regimental badges

HERO-WORSHIP BY THE WOMEN: A scene which was repeated many times during the General's London visit, where he was everywhere immediately recognised

SIGHTSEEING IN LONDON: General Montgomery, with two Staff officers, at the Duke of York's steps—followed, as usual, by a crowd of spectators who instantly recognised the visitor

AT THE THEATRE: In a box at the Strand Theatre, where the General witnessed a performance of "Arsenic and Old Lace." He also saw "Let's Face It," at the Hippodrome on another evening. At both theatres he received an ovation from the audiences

MAJOR-GENERAL A. GALLOWAY (left), GENERAL MONTGOMERY AND MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. EVETTS LEAVING THE WAR OFFICE. The Eighth Army leader is not a tall, or a big, man; but his features must be as well known as those of any Army Commander to-day. His appearance in beret is unmistakeable

LEAVING THE LONDON HIPPODROME and acknowledging the greeting of the crowd. Before going into the theatre, General Montgomery had been met by a large crowd: an equally large crowd was waiting to greet him as he left

GLIDER ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

The Latest Development in Air Transport, and How it Was Achieved

With further Sphere drawings of the Unceasing Air Assault on Germany

When Transport Command of the R.A.F. recently brought a glider across the Atlantic, it was the first time such a trip had ever been made. The journey was 3,500 miles, and it was performed in 28 hours. Details released by the Air Ministry indicate some of the difficult conditions under which such flights are carried out by the pilot and co-pilot of the glider.

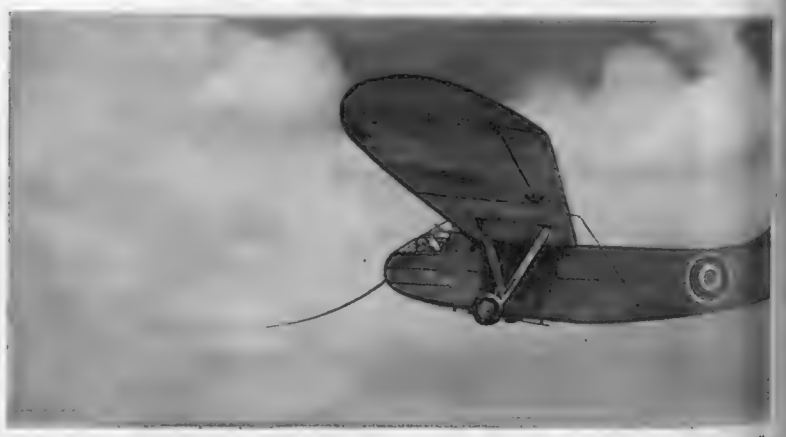
To begin with, the glider must be flown all the time: there is no automatic pilot, and the pilot must not take his eyes off the towplane (or the towrope, if the tug is hidden in cloud) for a second. In cloud, with the tug invisible, the pilot watches the portion of the towrope that is visible, judging his position in relation to the tug by the angle of the rope—called "the angle of dangle." Usually, the glider is flown at about 20 ft. above the towplane.

Apart from the constant strain, the take-off is the most difficult part of the flight. The glider takes off at a lower speed, so that it is airborne while the towplane is still on the ground. Should the pilot allow the glider to get too high before the tug has taken off, its tail could be pulled up so that no take-off at all would be possible! For the same reason, once in the air, the glider must not get too low, else the tug would be pulled *down*.

For communication between glider and tug, wireless is used through ordinary earphones and throat microphones. When not in use, the glider switches off to save the batteries. If the tug wishes to speak to the glider, he waggles his wings as a signal. Change of temperature has to be allowed for. There is no heating system in the glider: out of the sun, in cloud or snow, the outside temperature can drop to 30 below zero.

THROUGH SOME OF THE WORST WEATHER FOR FIFTY YEARS. The towing plane and its glider are forced down through three belts of thunderstorms, ice and snow during experiments which preceded the trip across the Atlantic—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE WALL OF CLOUD WHICH CONFRONTED GLIDER AND TOWING PLANE OVER THE ATLANTIC: The higher the aircraft climbed, the higher the cloud seemed to be. At 13,000 ft. the clouds still towered above, and it was then decided to go down again almost to sea-level



"THE ANGLE OF DANGLE." In cloud, with the tug invisible, the glider pilot watches the portion of rope immediately in view, judging his position by the rope's angle—*Drawings by Roland Davies*

A NEW IDEA FOR GERMAN NIGHT-FIGHTERS! Trying to hit big Allied aircraft with bombs dropped from above and timed to explode in mid-air—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Recent reports by both British and American pilots have indicated that the *Luftwaffe* have been trying to counter Allied air attacks with new methods, some of which have appeared somewhat odd, to say the least! Amongst these is the idea illustrated by Mr. Davies above. When engaged in dropping fragmentation bombs and spraying the runways at Catania before the invasion of Sicily, Axis interceptors attempted to destroy the attacking Flying Fortresses by bombing them *from above*! The fighters climbed above the bombers and released a number of small bombs which were timed to explode in mid-air. "They came at the rear echelon of our formation," said one veteran Fortress pilot, "dropping what looked like an aerial incendiary that exploded into strings of stuff looking like fire-crackers. They would have been dangerous if they had made direct hits!"

The glider is an aircraft of 84 ft. wing-span designed by the Waco aircraft firm and built by a piano manufacturer in New York. The freight load is 1½ tons. For the flight it was equipped with rubber dinghies, ordinary ocean emergency equipment carried by bombers crossing the Atlantic, and flotation gear. The steel attachments were designed to take a pull of 20,000 lb. Loading and unloading is through a hinged nose, which opens and closes with a jaw-like action.

The trip was made in stages. On the final ones, the crews were able to get about two hours' sleep. The last take-off was early in the morning, and the "train" circled the airfield precisely on the Estimated Time of Arrival—a long voyage successfully completed.

THE FRONT OF THE GLIDER can be lifted bodily to release the heavy cargo within quickly

The SUSTAINED ATTACK on COLOGNE

Heavy Attacks on the Industrial Districts on the East Bank of the Rhine (in foreground) Follow Those on the West

—Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

The recent heavy raids on Cologne began with very heavy attacks on the western side of the river. Later the R.A.F. switched over to industrial areas situated on the east bank of the Rhine. The main area of the great city lies on this side of the river, the developments on the eastern bank being concentrated in three modern areas, Mulheim, Kalk and Deutz. The above drawing shows the scene looking from over Mulheim in the direction of the Hohenzollern Bridge and the Cathedral; in the immediate foreground are the long lines of the great Fair building, with one slender tower breaking the long horizontal effect of the main façade. On the further side of the railway is the Museum building in the Deutz area; a little beyond this the river is crossed by the Hindenburg Bridge.

Cologne has been a town of importance from Roman times; according to German reporters, such destruction has been wrought in the city by the R.A.F. that it is difficult to find one's way about. All large buildings have disappeared, and streets are unrecognisable. Always a busy manufacturing town, with peacetime goods such as pianos, furniture and the famous Eau de Cologne, it has of late years become occupied with great motor works, the West Deutsche Wagenfabrik and others, making wagons and parts for U-boats and aircraft. Machine shops, tool factories, iron foundries and chemical works are all to be found in Kalk.

INTRUDER MOSQUITOES at WORK

Over the Flare-path of An Enemy Aerodrome at Night

—Drawing by Roland Davies

This type of attack, in which British and Czech and other Allied pilots have specialised, hits the enemy where it hurts most—just as his bombers are taking off to raid Britain, or returning from a raid. The incident depicted by Mr. Davies took place above an airfield south of Paris. The Mosquito pilot, on Intruder Patrol, joined up with enemy bombers circling the landing-ground: he had seen the lights go on and the flare-path light up; arriving over it, he found five enemy bombers circling round. Two bombers were seen to land and two took off. Then the Mosquito joined the "circus." In a few minutes pilot and observer got their chance: they flew on to a Heinkel 111 and, with a few rounds of cannon fire, sent it crashing. Flying round for another ten minutes, they closed with a Junkers 88 and attacked again. It went straight down, hit the ground and blew up. The Mosquito then flew off and attacked the radio mast from a low level, and shortly afterwards shot up the locomotive of a moving train.

THE AMAZING FLYING FORTRESS

Its Mechanical Brain, and the Formation-Flying Tactics which have made it such a Deadly Foe of the Axis Fighter Aircraft

THE SPERRY AUTOMATIC COMPUTING GUNSIGHT which is carried in each Fortress. This is a super-adding machine which works out the height, range, speed, etc., of enemy fighters for the air gunners. Deflection, gravity pull, the relative speeds of the two aircraft, are all calculated in the plane by these wonderful mechanical "brains"

A CLOSER VIEW OF THE SPERRY COMPUTER SIGHT, which enables the Fortress gunners to range and sight attacking aircraft with great speed and accuracy. This is one of the reasons for the remarkable successes achieved by the U.S. planes recently

THIS PICTURE GIVES AN IDEA OF THE CARRYING CAPACITY OF THE GREAT AIRCRAFT: It was taken at a U.S. station in England. The two "cookies" are 4,000-lb. high-explosive bombs: they are carried in the Fortresses' bomb-racks. The ammunition-boxes contain 46,000 rounds for the defence of a group of seven of the big bombers: each has a total of twelve guns aboard

In day raids on Europe, the Flying Fortresses of the U.S. Eighth Army Air Force have shot down more than 1,200 enemy aircraft: this extraordinary total has been achieved with the expenditure of about 300 tons of ammunition—or 6,600,000 rounds. Mainly responsible, it is now revealed, is the wonderful Sperry Computing Sight, known to the Fortress crews as "The Adding Machine." This Sight is a little black box packed full of complicated mechanism: it performs its calculations by means of dozens of little gears, cams and shafts actuated by a tiny electric motor. Two of these Sights aim the four most vital of each Fortress's heavy battery of twelve machine-guns, making due allowance for such things as deflection and the relative speed of attacker and attacked. The Sight begins to operate when the enemy fighter is 1,000 yards away; but the ·50 machine-guns are most effective at between 600 and 800 yards. The German fighters usually attack head-on: they begin firing at 400 yards; hence the Fortress gunners try to shoot them down before they begin to open up. Usually the Germans queue up high above the Fortress formations and come in one at a time, rolling over on to their backs as they dive away, to expose only their heavily-armoured "bellies" to the Fortress gunners.

On right—**THE WAIST GUNNER WITH HIS ·50-CALIBRE MACHINE-GUN. Each Flying Fortress carries twelve such guns, which can be manned simultaneously by the normal crew of ten. The unmounted weight of each gun is 70 lb.**

A THUNDERBOLT PILOT DEMONSTRATES AN ATTACK ON A FLYING FORTRESS. In this picture, which shows only a small part of the aircraft, no fewer than four gun positions are visible—and most of the guns can be swung round to bear in practically any direction. The Fortress, in fact, literally bristles with lethal armament ; and formation-flying tactics make it possible for an attacker to be met by a concentrated hail of bullets

The Flying Fortress, with its twelve machine-guns, carries about 6,250 shells weighing 1,875 lb. (or nearly 17 cwts.), besides its bomb-load of 2,000-lb. " cookies " or block-busters. The fire-power of each gun is up to 650 rounds per minute. The entire defensive equipment of a Flying Fortress (not counting the weight of gunners, their oxygen supply, provision for heating, clothing, etc.) is more than 5,700 lb. The cartridge of the '50 machine-guns is 5½ ins. long : the bullet has a muzzle velocity of over 2,800 ft per second

Here are further facts : the fire-power of 250 Flying Fortresses in formation is—more than 3,000 machine-guns, manned by 2,500 gunners ; a minimum of 1,562,500 rounds, or 6,250 for each Fortress, or 500 for each gun ; more than 230 tons of ammunition alone, with a rate of fire of nearly 2,000,000 rounds a minute ; the unmounted weight of guns alone is nearly 200 tons.

Fortresses fly together in large numbers, and always in formation. These formations are built up in elements of three bombers, and every squadron of six has a " first reserve," a Fort flying at the rear ready to step in and close up the formation should one of the squadron be shot down. The bombers fly so close that sometimes their wings actually overlap. Most of them fly at different heights, the elements being " stacked up " from front to back and from side to side. The captain of the Fortress in the very front is the key man of the whole formation. It has been stated that it is one of the most strenuous jobs in the world for a Fortress pilot to keep proper formation.

THIS IS THE BALL TURRET ON THE UNDERSIDE OF A FORTRESS. The gunner enters through a hinged flap, as shown here : his job is to keep off attackers coming up from below

THIS PICTURE DEMONSTRATES HOW CLOSE THE FORTRESSES FLY : It was taken from another aircraft just above during the raid on the German synthetic rubber factory at Huls, in the Ruhr. In the upper right-hand corner the smoke of the blasted factories is seen rising up over the target area. This raid was the first visit of American " heavies " to the much-bombed centre of German war production

AMERICAN AIR CREWS (LIKE THE BRITISH) ARE VERY FOND OF PETS. This dog, " Mister," belongs to a sergeant of the U.S. Eighth Army Air Force, who is a gunner in a Flying Fortress which has been given the name of " Un petit peu." " Mister " has already taken part in five trips over Germany, including the raid on Huls. He rides in the tail of the aircraft and wears a respirator designed specially by his master

MR. HENRY STIMSON IN ENGLAND

The Requiem Mass for General Sikorski at Westminster Cathedral

MR. STIMSON TAKES THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST after the award to S/Sergeant Maynard H. Smith. Mr. Stimson is on the left; Sergeant Smith in the centre; and Lieut.-Colonel G. L. Robinson, the Station Commander, on the right. Staff Sergeant Maynard H. Smith is a gunner in a Flying Fortress. On May 1 he took part in his first raid—on St. Nazaire. After the aircraft had unloaded its bombs, the sergeant's "belly" turret was hit and there was a terrific explosion. Soon the aircraft was on fire. The sergeant at once set about subduing the blaze and assisting the wounded tail gunner. When the German fighter which had caused the damage again came in to the attack, Sergeant Smith jumped back to his guns and fought it off. Some members of the crew took to their parachutes, so desperate did the situation appear. Nevertheless, the aircraft was brought back to England after a flight of one and a half hours. For his great bravery, Sergeant Maynard Smith was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honour—"America's V.C.": it was pinned on to his breast a few days ago by the American Secretary of War, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, who is now in England, and who travelled to the sergeant's airfield specially to make the award

THE U.S. SECRETARY FOR WAR PRESENTS AMERICA'S HIGHEST AWARD FOR VALOUR to a sergeant at an American airfield in Britain. Mr. Henry L. Stimson pinning the Congressional Medal of Honour on Staff Sergeant Maynard Smith for his bravery during his first operational flight—over St. Nazaire on May 1

THE REQUIEM MASS FOR GENERAL SIKORSKI AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL. The Catafalque, surrounded by six tall saffron candles of mourning, and guarded by men of the Polish Army, Navy and Air Force, with fixed bayonets and wearing battledress

SEATED IN FRONT OF THE CATAFALQUE—Madame Sikorski, the General's widow, and M. Raczkiewicz, President of Poland (on right). Behind are Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden

THE PRIME MINISTER AT THE REQUIEM MASS. With him are Mrs. Churchill and the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden

At the Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late General Sikorski at Westminster Cathedral, some 3,000 people were present. The Mass was sung by Bishop Radonski, in the presence of Archbishop Godfrey, Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain and Vatican Chargé d'Affaires to the Polish Government, and a number of British Ministers, Diplomatic and Service chiefs. After the service, the General's remains were taken by road to Newark in Nottinghamshire, to be placed in a vault in the section of the cemetery which has been devoted there to Poland's fallen airmen: after the war, it is intended to take the coffin home to a free and independent Poland

BEFORE the EXPEDITION SAILED for SICILY

Scenes in North African Ports as the Invasion Armada was fitted out

STOWING BEDDING ABOARD ONE OF THE BIG TRANSPORTS for the journey by sea across the Sicilian Narrows. More than 2,000 vessels were involved in the landing operations, but not a single enemy warship put in an appearance

THE COMMANDER'S CARAVAN: The driver of the vehicle pinning General Montgomery's name on the side of the C.-in-C.'s caravan before its embarkation for Sicily, where it will serve the General as his battle H.Q.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS ABOARD A LANDING CRAFT loading fresh clips of shells before setting out for the Island. The landing craft came over to the beaches in a constant stream, covered by the Royal Navy and under the air umbrella put up by the R.A.F.

AN AMPHIBIOUS THREE-TONNER being loaded into a landing craft. It is being backed on to the vessel, so that it can be run off on a Sicilian beach with little delay. Heavy as well as light equipment was transported in this manner

ON THE UPPER DECK OF A LANDING VESSEL: A Bofors gun is mounted ready for action. Although destined for the shore, this anti-aircraft weapon was manned throughout the journey to deal with chance enemy planes. Note the cases of shells stacked on deck alongside the gun

MEN GO ABOARD A BIG TRANSPORT at a North African port. A little later they were en route for Sicily

The work of organisation which preceded the invasion of Sicily must have been stupendous. For many weeks previously, the Germans had reported the passage of convoys through the Straits of Gibraltar. These had obviously brought the mountains of stores and equipment necessary for "amphibious operations of considerable complexity." In many a port along the North African coast, the great armada of over 2,000 ships was assembled—all types of transport, armour and personnel being embarked on ships of many different designs. When zero hour arrived, it fell to the Navy to see that this vast concourse reached the designated spots in Sicily at the same time

THE INVASION OF THE ISLAND OF SICILY BEGINS IN THE DAWN OF JULY 10 NEAR CAPE PASSERO IN THE ISLAND'S SOUTH-EASTERN TIP. A high wind ... out of the water with a roll of 40 to 50 degrees. "At one stage, so rough was the passage that we wondered whether ...

The SICILY LANDINGS carried out in a HEAVY SWELL

Two Impressions of the Very First Moments of the Invasion of Continental Europe

Official pictures of the invasion of Continental Europe are now streaming in from Sicily: some of them are published elsewhere in the present issue. Here, we record impressions by two SPHERE artists of the very first moments of the memorable July 10, 1943—three years and one month after Italy's entry into the war.

On June 10, 1940, Mussolini—and the rest of the Italian nation—thought that all Italy had to do was to gather up the fruits of victory from a fallen France and a defeated Britain. Three years later, his troops were fighting for their very lives on the beaches of Sicily—and losing the fight! As our sea-borne troops came up to the island in the small hours the weather was not altogether propitious: a high wind was blowing, kicking up a heavy swell on some of the beaches.

As our assault craft went in they were pitching and tossing at all angles: many of the men in the small vessels had been seasick; but as soon as the coast of Sicily came near they forgot their distress and tore ashore for the first British invasion of the Continent for many a long year.

One of the outstanding features was the absence of serious enemy opposition on the beaches. Naval vessels covering the landing, and assault craft carrying troops and stores, were allowed to gain a foothold and then to proceed with the task of consolidation almost unhindered, apart from a few raids by dive-bombers. At one beach, only one infantry landing craft was lost: at others, the casualties were equally light. Of course, the Italian Navy was, as usual, conspicuous by its absence at this, the first invasion of Italian soil!

On right—**ZERO HOUR JUST OFF SHORE: THE FIRST OF THE ALLIED TROOPS SWARM ASHORE ON TO THE BEACH AT PACHINO. The first ashore at all the beaches were the parties carrying beach-storming equipment such as Bangalore torpedoes, grenades, tommy-guns, etc.: it was not till later that the tanks and heavy guns were landed. Over all was a complete "umbrella" provided by the Allied Air Forces. With daylight, at some points, came the enemy dive-bombers; but not many of them were allowed to get through! Every now and then, however, one would dive down to the beach or towards a ship to drop its load. We kept up a defensive fire when it was necessary, but that was not often**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

blowing and the sea was running heavily on the beaches as the first landing craft made for the shore. Sometimes three-quarters of the hulls of the vessels were
same fate awaited us as the Spanish Armada!" said one of the participants in this historic event—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The Sicily Invasion

THE CANADIANS TAKE PART

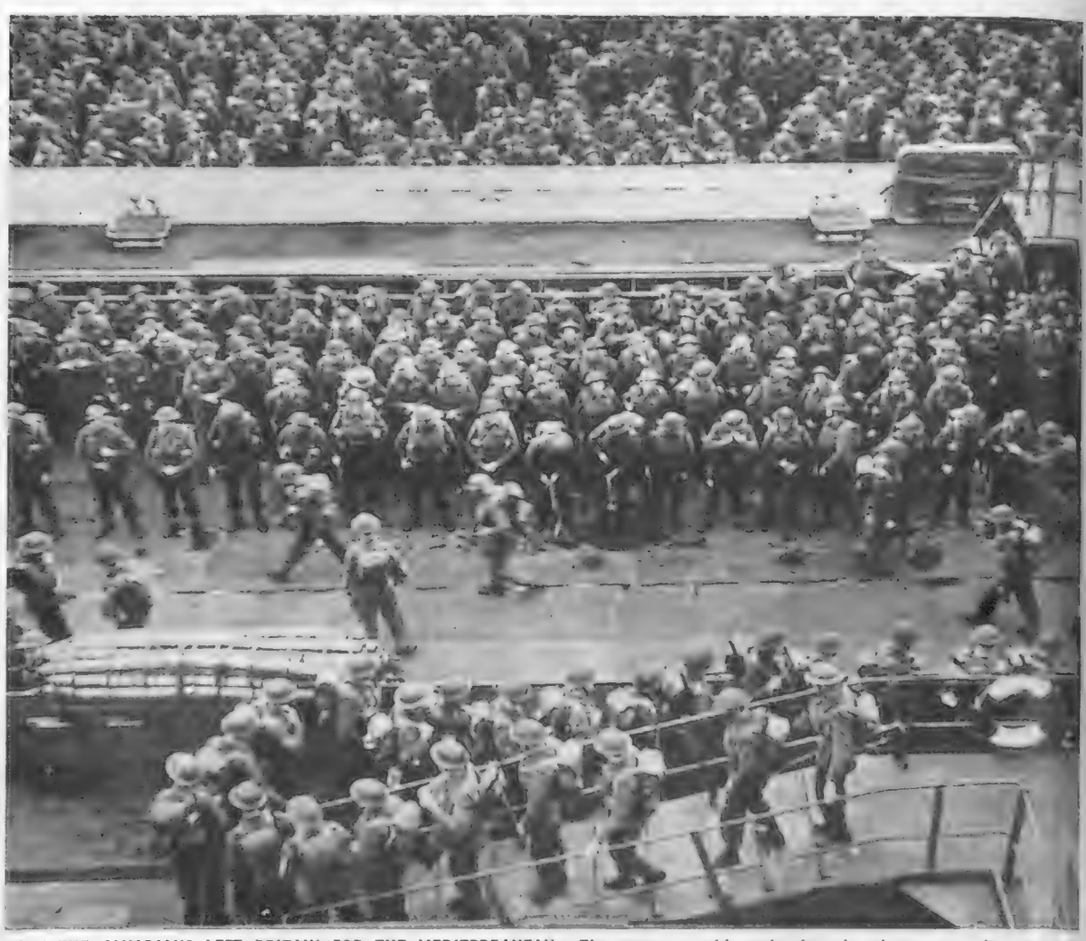
Two Pictures on the Voyage Out from Britain to the Mediterranean

When the first announcements of the invasion were given out, it came as something of a surprise to learn that the Canadians were taking part in the Sicily landings. The last big show in which they had participated was the attack on Dieppe many months ago; and it had not previously been stated that Dominion troops were within the Mediterranean area. Many of these fine fighting men had been in Britain for three and more years, eager and anxious to get to grips with the enemy, yet forced to be content with garrison duties and carrying out exercises in the peaceful English countryside.

The Canadians selected for the Sicily enterprise sailed from England in convoy for North Africa. They were landed only a short time before the start of the invasion, and served as one of the assault forces. A substantial troop convoy, carrying additional Canadians from England, followed a little later.

When the landings were made, the Pachino area was assigned to the Dominion soldiers: thereafter they achieved success after success. The actual landing was almost unopposed, and the Italian beach defences "folded up like a concertina." With British troops, they soon captured the town of Pachino and then pushed on into the island. Their casualties during the first two or three days were very light indeed.

It was to the Canadians that one of the most amusing experiences of all occurred. They had pushed inland for several miles immediately after landing, when they ran into an Italian cavalry regiment! After recovering from this surprise, they gave chase in jeeps and trucks and mowed the enemy down with tommy-guns. The commander of the Canadians had been a cavalry officer himself in the last war—which seemed to add zest to the comic opera affair!



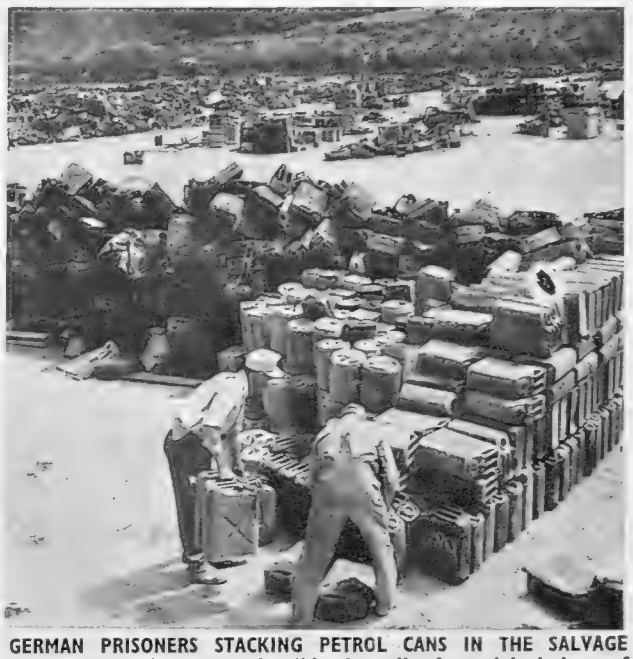
HOW THE CANADIANS LEFT BRITAIN FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN: The troops packing the invasion barges as they prepare to leave an English port for the long sea journey. They then sailed for North Africa, which they reached only a short time before the start of the invasion of Sicily

ON BOARD THE VESSEL WHICH CONVEYED THEM TO THE INVASION ZONE: This picture was taken en route for the Island of Sicily, and shows some of the Canadians, fully armed and equipped, listening to a lecture on the deck. These men formed part of the assault force which went ashore at Pachino and which acquitted itself in magnificent fashion in the subsequent fighting

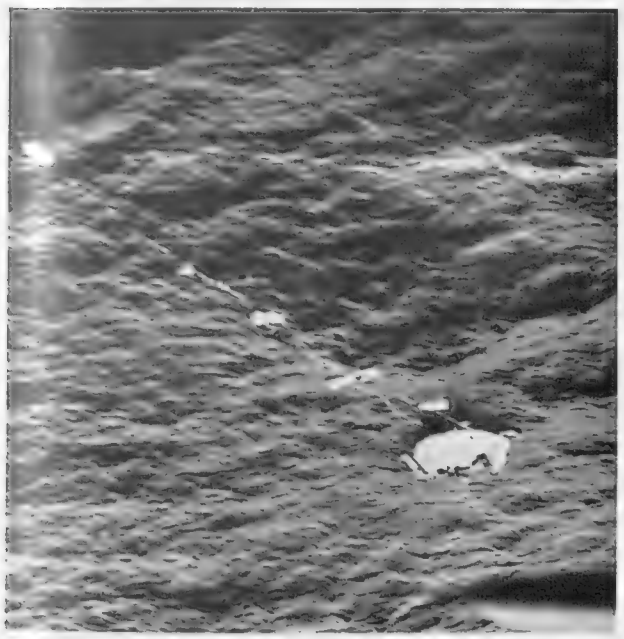
CLEANING UP in NORTH AFRICA

And Other War Pictures from the Atlantic and Sicilian Battlefronts

WILL IT BE THE SAME IN SICILY? An Army salvage dump in North Africa made up of Axis armoured cars and tanks waiting to be dismantled. Now that the campaign is long over in North Africa, thousands of Axis vehicles have been gathered and classified at an Allied salvage dump. These include armoured cars and tanks, as well as hundreds of artillery guns and thousands of machine-guns. After being carefully sorted at the dump, the worth-while material is taken out, whilst the useless material is dismantled and sent to the melting furnaces. A few German prisoners are engaged on this work

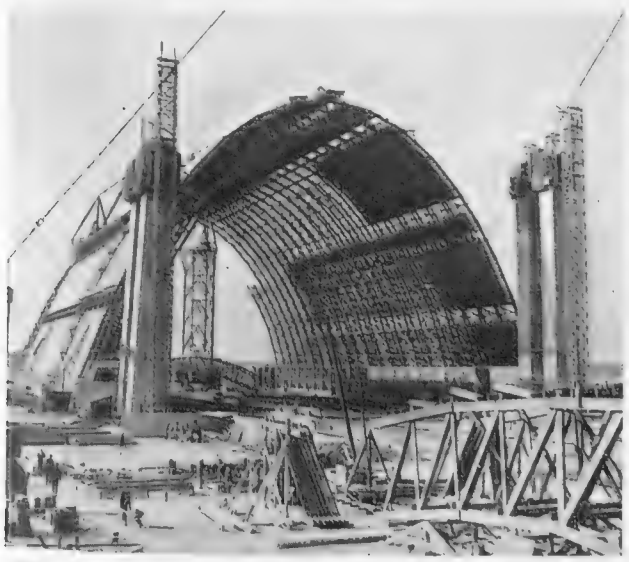


GERMAN PRISONERS STACKING PETROL CANS IN THE SALVAGE DUMP. These are the "jerricans" of special design, of which the Eighth Army made great use in Libya and Tunisia



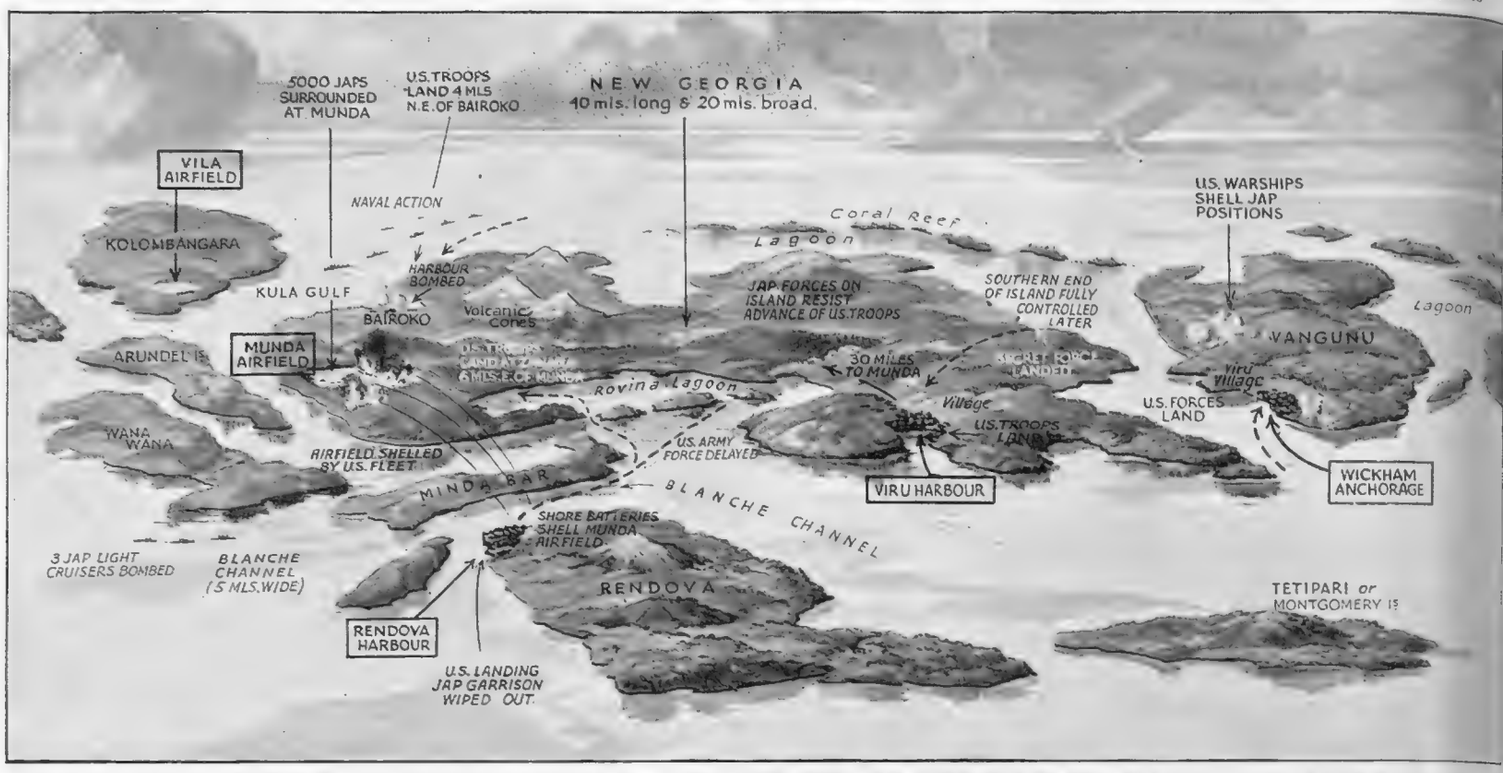
A FORTRESS CREW RESCUED AFTER SINKING A U-BOAT. The men are partly concealed by the dinghy's waterproof aprons, which they have pulled up round their shoulders. Note how the dinghy trails emergency equipment

THE FORTRESS CREW WHICH SANK A GERMAN U-BOAT, as seen from the R.A.F. Catalina which rescued them after a six-day search by Air-Sea Rescue planes : In a recent intensive stage of the Battle of the Atlantic, a German U-boat was sunk by a Flying Fortress operated by Coastal Command. But the aircraft which destroyed it was also lost! A six-day search by the Air-Sea Rescue Service followed: during the course of this, another aircraft—a U.S. Navy amphibian Catalina, which tried to alight in the heavy seas—was also wrecked, and eight of its crew of nine were lost Ultimately a R.A.F. Catalina was able to effect the rescue. The survivors of the Fortress crew numbered eight: after the aircraft had crashed into the sea, in an area which was known to be sown with mines, it sank very quickly, and the men had only their dinghy between them and disaster



THE U.S. NAVY STILL BUILDS BLIMPS : Hence it has been necessary to put up "blimp barns" such as this to house the lighter-than-air vessels. A number of them are being erected by the Navy. Each costs 2,000,000 dollars: they are constructed of fireproofed timber; and they are 1,000 ft. long, 246 ft. wide, and seventeen stories high

CANADIAN NURSES EMBARK FOR NORTH AFRICA WITH THE SICILIAN CONVOY : These nursing sisters accompanied the Canadian troops who formed the spearhead of the attack on Sicily. They are here seen receiving last-minute instructions before embarking at an English port. Note the well-filled packs which most of the sisters are carrying on their backs



THE ALLIED ATTACKS ON THE BIG ISLAND OF NEW GEORGIA (where the airfield of Munda is located) and on the neighbouring islands. This drawing shows where the various landings took place, and the point at which the secret American force was put ashore to facilitate the entry into Viru Harbour. The amphibious operations summarised here must have called for the most exact timing by the naval and land forces involved—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert* (See accompanying notes)

THE RENEWED ASSAULT ON THE JAPS IN THE SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC

The Allied Landings on the New Georgia Islands, and the Concentrated Attack on the Munda Airfield

—With Special Diagrams and Drawings

Of the four separate operations begun simultaneously by Allied troops on a 700-mile front extending from New Guinea on the west to New Georgia on the east, the last-named—that against New Georgia—unfolded itself as an "amphibious operation of considerable complexity." Owing to the number of Japanese troops which were understood to be occupying various positions on the islands, the assault on the Munda airfield was made from a number of points from one main frontal attack. The number of coral islets and reefs which are strewn around the main islands would, in itself, militate against a direct sea assault against Munda. The southern approaches to Kula Gulf present navigational difficulties which both sides have avoided. What may be regarded as the main landing took place at Rendova Harbour, on the island of that name.

American naval forces were successfully landed in spite of the attempt by the enemy to prevent the landing by desperate bombing and dive-bombing attacks. Sixty-five planes were reported to have been brought down in actual conflict and by anti-aircraft fire. One American transport, *McCawley*, was ultimately sunk by a Japanese submarine, but without any loss of life. A force of about 1,000 Japanese infantry were on the island. During the first twenty-four hours they attempted to hamper the landing, which was, however, successfully accomplished.

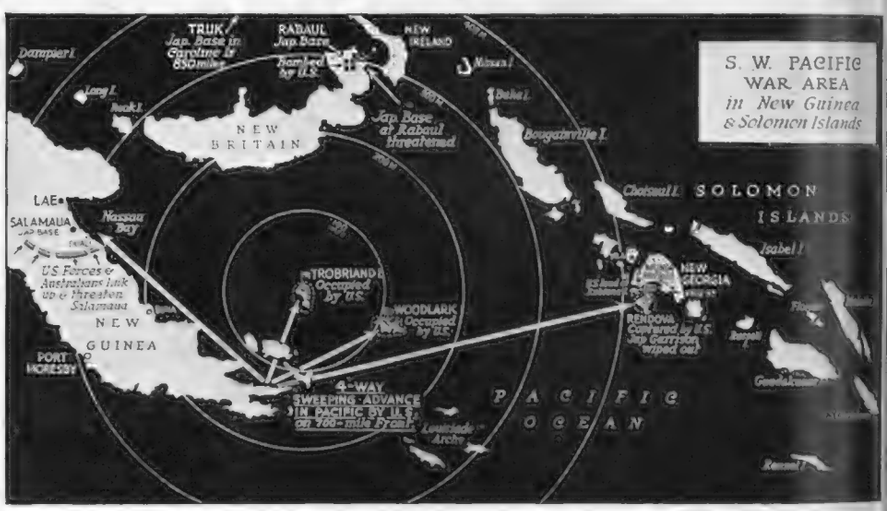
At the same time another landing took place at Viru Harbour at the south-eastern end of New Georgia Island. This position is some 20 to 30 miles from Munda Airfield, the main objective. Some 5,000 Japanese troops were reported to be occupying positions in the central and northern areas of the island.

A third landing took place at Wickham Harbour, on the Vangann Island, in face of very tough opposition, the Japanese forces being gradually forced back on to a narrow strip of land on Emma Point. Dive-bombers and destroyers lent assistance to the land troops. The landing at Viru Harbour, too, was not accomplished without stiff fighting on the beaches. The landing was delayed but eventually accomplished. There was some hard fighting round the village of Viru, and the Japanese had to be thrust back across the Viru River. The Marines from Viru Harbour struck north-west through the jungle in the direction of Munda. They were to have been met by a flanking force of Army troops, presumably from the direction of Rendova. Whether this delicate operation took place according to plan is not quite clear, but from later reports it appeared that considerable progress had been made towards the Lambetti plantation, where enemy opposition was to be expected.

In the meantime, the guns at Rendova were already shelling the Munda airfield across the 6½ miles of the Blanche Channel. In addition to the three main landings already described, American forces also gained a successful footing at Bairoku, to the north of Munda, and also at Zenana on the south. It also transpired that a force of Marines had been quietly landed at a convenient point on the south-eastern portion of the island, where they had remained hidden for nearly a week. At an arranged time they advanced through the jungle in the direction of Viru Harbour, and by taking the enemy in the rear materially aided the main forces in securing their beach-head. As the forces coming from Viru Harbour press towards Munda they will advance along the northern side of the Rovena Lagoon, famed as one of the most beautiful island-enclosed lagoons of the whole South-West Pacific.

While these land operations were taking place, naval operation was in active evidence in all the reef-studded channels around the New Georgian Island group. During the opening stages of the operations a stiff fight took place with enemy naval craft towards the northern end of the Kula Gulf, which separates New Georgia from Kolombangara. The enemy was driven off with the loss of some six warships, and the Americans lost one cruiser, the *Helena*. The U.S. destroyer *Strong* was also lost off the New Georgian coasts.

B.H.



THE FOUR-POINT ADVANCE BY THE U.S. FORCES IN THE SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC. The Trobriand and Woodlark Archipelagoes were occupied without resistance: Rendova, in New Georgia, was captured, and the assault on Munda Airfield was then launched in strength; the operations against Lae and Salamaua, in New Guinea, were carried out in the face of strong, and increasing, opposition

THIS PICTURE SHOWS HOW JAP AIR STRENGTH IN THE SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC HAS BEEN GROWING. Taken from an American reconnaissance plane, it shows the Jap air base at Kavieng, in New Ireland. The paths from the runway lead to dispersal areas: the little appendages are blast-bays for fifty bombers and fifty fighters. When this picture was made, sixteen Jap fighters and twenty-eight medium bombers were in their revetments, and repairs were being made (note the tractor tracks) to the runway damaged in repeated Allied attacks

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE PACIFIC ?

The Present Situation, and Future Possibilities, briefly Reviewed

Many people have but a vague idea in their minds of what is happening in the Pacific.

Within a few months of their entry into the war in December 1941 the Japanese had effected the greatest map-change in history. Japanese strategy had taken concrete form in a remarkable picture—a gigantic semi-circle across the Pacific map, with Japan itself as neatly protected by the enclosure as the innermost keep of a castle. But—to-day the Japanese could only make further alterations in that map by operations on a grand scale, probably requiring more ships, men and aircraft than the original strokes and at far greater distances from their central bases.

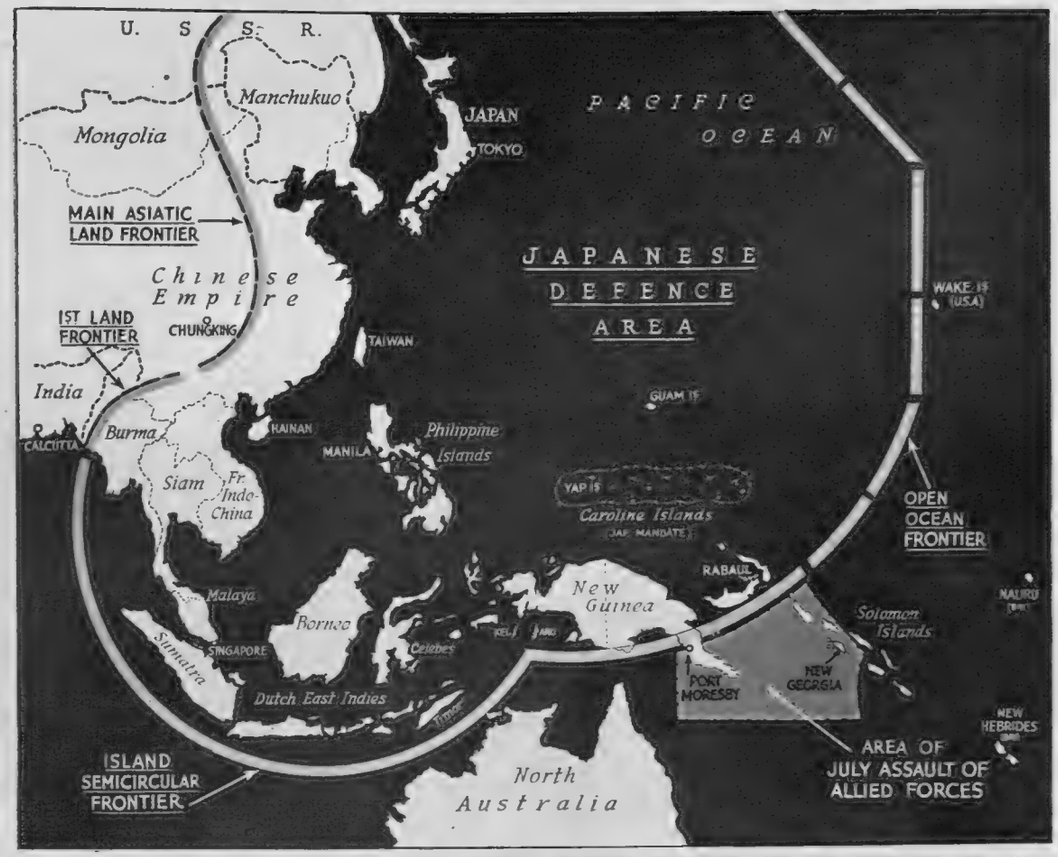
These are the operations that the Japanese might attempt *if they were strong enough and if our own pressure against them was not too uncomfortable :* (1) a surprise assault on the Far Eastern possessions of Russia ; (2) a renewed drive in central and southern China ; (3) an attack on Australia from the Dutch East Indies to the west ; (4) air attacks on American home and island bases. But only a surprise assault on Russia would be likely to besmirch that map in a big way, and such a move would have the direct effect of spoiling the semi-circular defence scheme, making it possible for the United Nations to launch blows at the Japanese homeland from a few hundred miles distance.

So we come to the operations of the moment in the New Guinea-Solomons area. These consist of attacks by relatively small bodies of men, conveyed by ship and accompanied by aircraft, on Japanese positions in these islands to the north of Australia at the very bottom of the great semi-circular defence arc. At the end of last year and the beginning of this we ousted the Japanese, slowly and painfully, from the southern islands of Guadalcanar and Russell in the Solomons, and from the lower or Papuan part of New Guinea. The enemy remained firmly ensconced in the topmost Solomon Islands, notably the New Georgia group and Bougainville, and along the east and north coasts of New Guinea at Salamaua, Lae, Madang, Wewak. Between the two groups he strongly occupied the islands of New Britain with a big base at Rabaul.

In satisfactory preliminary operations of the present offensive those small forces of General MacArthur's occupied Rendova Island, in New Georgia, of the Solomons, and began a hard assault on Munda, a strongly-defended enemy base 30 miles away. They reached Nassau Bay a few miles short of Salamaua, in New Guinea, and began a hard assault on the strong Japanese defences of Salamaua itself.

Few people realise the inadequacy of our Far Eastern and Pacific air forces when the Japanese attacked. Hong Kong, the Philippines, Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, Burma, and the islands to the north of Australia all fell because superior Japanese air forces could blast our troops on the ground without interference and prevent our navies from sending aid and attacking the Japanese troopships. Malaya, the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies had a few squadrons apiece. Australia had a few trainer aircraft. Warship after expensive warship was sunk by inexpensive Japanese bombs and aerial torpedoes—the *Prince of Wales*, the *Repulse*, the *Hermes*, and many others.

But as soon as we sent modern aircraft to the Pacific theatre the Japanese sequence of successes was broken. D.C.



HOW JAPAN IS DEFENDED FROM THE LAND AND FROM THE SEA. Upon the east, hundreds upon hundreds of miles of open sea provide an adequate defence area : on the west, Manchukuo, China, Burma and Malaya guard the Japanese flanks ; to the south the islands are—for the moment—firmly held. But to the south-east, the new American assaults are breaking in on the big defence line, and taking the war a little nearer to Japan itself

U.S. NAVY DIVE-BOMBERS ATTACK THE JAP BASE AT MUNDA. Great puffs of smoke billow from Jap installations as the aircraft head back for Guadalcanar. The runway at Munda shows clearly in the foreground

DIVE-BOMBERS FROM GUADALCANAR begin to dive down on the Jap airfield at Munda, which hides beneath the puffs of white cloud

On right—**ANOTHER VIEW OF MUNDA, on New Georgia, after a raid. Munda is the nearest base to the American stronghold at Guadalcanar, and it has been constantly pounded by Allied bombers**

THE AMERICAN CONVOY BOUND FOR THE BASE AT GUADALCANAR, and carrying supplies for the assault on New Georgia and Munda, is attacked by Japanese aircraft which made five raids in twelve hours—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Five successive waves of attacking Japanese planes proved unable to halt the big convoy which bore troops, munitions and thousands of tons of supplies to Guadalcanar, from which base the attack on New Georgia was mounted. Only one wave—seven torpedo-planes—got within actual striking distance. These attempted "some kind of new-fangled attack," but failed to push it home. The pilots were obviously confused by their own tactics, according to one eye-witness. Their confusion was not lessened by the sudden murderous fire from the American transports and screening destroyers which filled the moonlit sky with spouts of red tracer bullets and smudges of 5-in. shell-bursts. In the drawing above, the convoy is seen among the densely wooded islets of the South-West Pacific Islands. Having first dropped flares, the Japanese sent over their aircraft in waves: they were beaten off by the murderous and concentrated fire from transports and escorts. The tropical night sky is patterned with the lines of tracers and speckled with shell-bursts

The APPROACH to the ISLANDS

How the U.S. Convoys Came Up in the Dawn for the Attack on New Georgia

—Special Sphere Drawings

It would appear that, for the attack on New Georgia, the island of Guadalcanar had been selected as the operational base: to this spot, accordingly, a big American convoy sailed carrying men, munitions and supplies. *En route*, it was heavily attacked from the air, but the Japs were unable to arrest its progress, or even to slow its pace.

It is probable that the vessels used for the New Georgia expedition were 7,000-8,000-ton merchantmen, one of which was disabled by the Japs and later sunk. The naval force was under the command of Admiral Halsey, Allied Naval Commander in the South Pacific. The American Marines who made the first landings had been in training for a year for this, and similar, amphibious operations.

When Rendova Island was reached, it soon became apparent that the Jap defenders had been caught napping. As the Marines went ashore, ship after ship came in to discharge still more men and still more supplies and equipment. Patrol torpedo-boats were used to cover the landings: it is known that General MacArthur likes this type of craft and that he introduced them to the Philippines (and

AMIDST THE CORAL-STUDDED ISLETS OF THE PACIFIC: The big American transports begin their work of unloading supplies as the small and active "mosquito" New Georgia beaches. This drawing shows the scene off-shore after the dawn arrival of the big convoy from Guadalcanar. On New Georgia Island the ju few hours after the American troops had got safely ashore—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

HOW THE AMERICAN TROOPSHIPS CAME INTO RENDOVA HARBOUR TO LAND THEIR THOUSANDS OF ASSAULT TROOPS ON THE ISLAND. Scores of ships threaded their way past the reef-studded entrance to the harbour and took the Japanese by surprise as they slept. Within a few hours of the landing, thousands of troops were in possession of the beaches and had already advanced inland in the face of dwindling opposition—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

craft" put off to cover the landings on the counter-attacks did not materialise until a

incidentally, was only able to make his escape from there to Australia by this means!).

Reports from eye-witnesses relate how, in the four-way attacks described on the preceding pages, new landing craft were largely responsible for the success of the operations. These had only been used once previously: the design and power of these new naval assault vessels "are likely to be of great advantage to the Allies in island attacks in the South-West Pacific."

It is somewhat surprising that the Americans should have been able to achieve so great an element of surprise in all four attacks against the Japanese. Their large convoys, of course, steamed through the night, making their arrival coincide with the dawn. They must have escaped detection from enemy aerial reconnaissance planes, for in some cases the landings on the beaches were entirely unopposed. All of which augurs well for the success of similar undertakings in the future.

THE LAND ASSAULT ON MUNDA AIRFIELD after the American landings on New Georgia. The Marines press forward through the jungle towards the Jap positions on the island—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

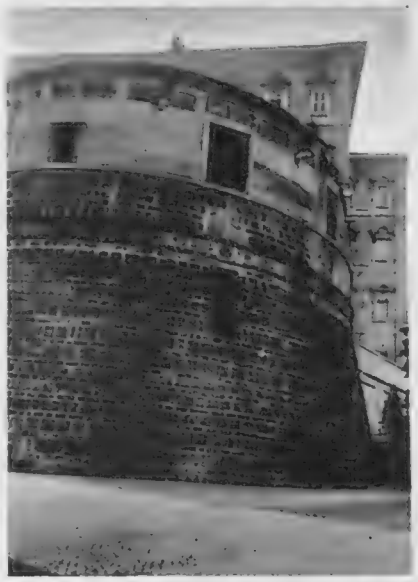
When a foothold had been obtained on New Georgia Island, U.S. Marines at once set off into the jungle to close in on the defence positions around the airfield. Radio messages told that they met with only fair resistance—apparently from Japanese patrols who had moved back from the original bridge-head. A twin thrust was made against the enemy, so that they were menaced from two directions: inevitably, the defenders were then forced back until the Marines had approached very closely towards the strongly-held area surrounding the air base. Whilst this fighting was in progress on the land, terrific battles went on in the air above as the enemy brought up air reinforcements. The Marines are in the very front rank as fighting men: they have already had their fill of jungle fighting in the Solomons and elsewhere, proving more than a match for the Japanese

ROME and the VATICAN CITY

Rome is not an "Open City," but a Legitimate Military Objective: But the Vatican's Neutrality would be Respected if it became Expedient to Bomb the Italian Capital

FROM Mussolini's town residence—a resplendent, balconied mansion near the Central Station—it is an easy stroll to the Vatican. Visits to the Stata Citta Vaticana were popular with most Englishmen in Rome some years before Italy entered the war. As one crossed the Tiber, one could see the castellated walls across the water. On the Italian side there was the flashiness of Fascism—slogans and emblems stencilled on the stucco walls; with endless portraits of the Duce. Through the gated walls there were the tree-lined walks and shaded gardens, the libraries, the museums. Whatever the purpose of the visitor, he was bound to be grateful for one oasis of culture and humanity.

About 15 acres larger than St. James's Park, the Vatican State is actually only fourteen years old as a sovereign independent kingdom. From being the temporal rulers of the richest part of Italy, with a 14,000,000 population, the Popes had, by 1870, been deprived of all their territories. It was not until February 11, 1929, that the theoretical state of war which had existed between the Papal See and the rulers of Italy was ended by the Lateran Treaty. This once more made the Pope a temporal ruler as well as a spiritual one. The agreement secured to the Vatican City recognition as a full sovereign state under the rule of the Pontiff. Extra-territorial rights were also granted to some of the Church's possessions outside the city walls. The summer lakeside palace of Castel Gandolfo on Lake Alban (which the Pope has not visited since 1939), though fifteen miles from the Vatican, became Papal territory, not Italian. Not without importance, too, was the treaty clause by which Italy pays the Vatican nearly half a million sterling a year as compensation for the lost Papal provinces.



THE AIR-RAID SHELTER PREPARED FOR THE POPE: Before the entry of Italy into the war on June 10, 1940, we received this picture from Rome. It was then described as "one of the ancient towers of Vatican City which would be used for the protection of Pope Pius in the event of an air raid over the Vatican. The Pope's quarters would be in the lower part of the Tower with the one small window"

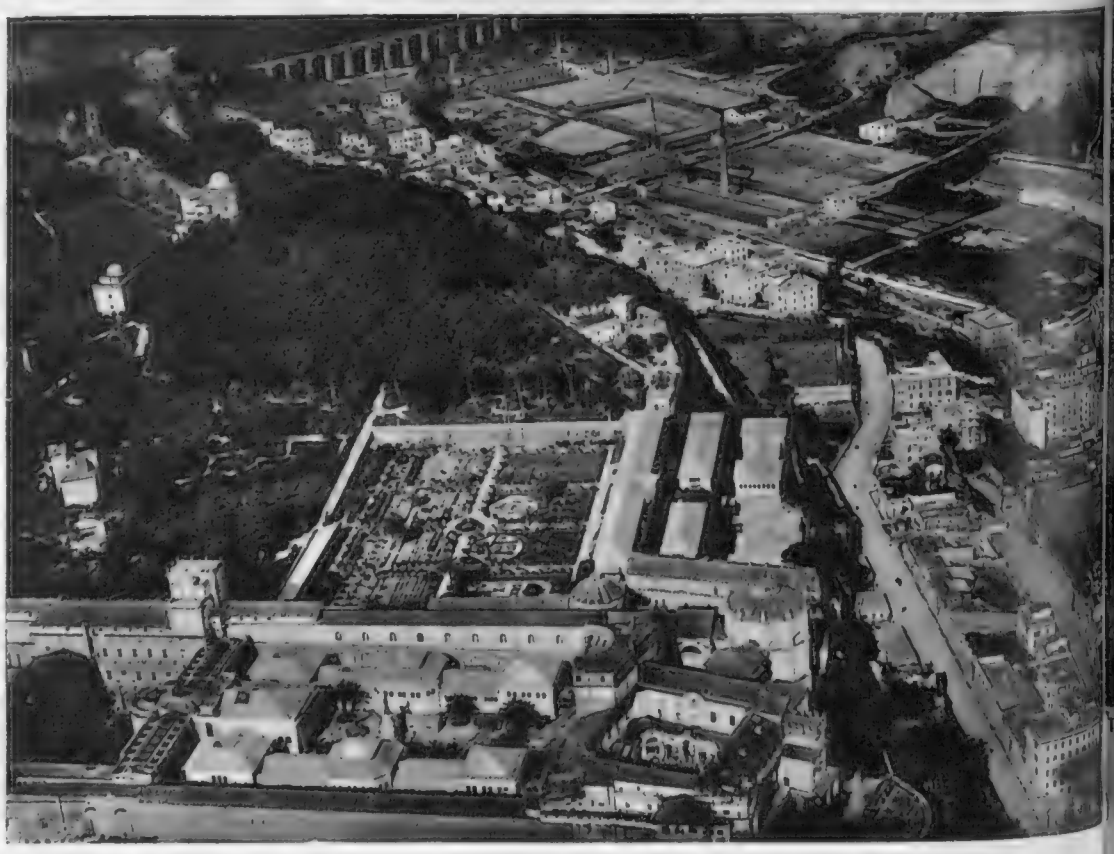
The Vatican building itself is a rather random group which branches off in a straggling fashion from the Piazza of St. Peter's. It is of immense size, though only a few rooms are the private apartments of the Pope. Housed in the rest of its myriad apartments are other dignitaries—Cardinal Maglione, for example, the Holy See's Minister for Foreign Affairs, and various departments of the Church.

Among other changes, the War has introduced food rationing, and the black-out. Air-raid shelters were built some time before the actual entry of Italy into the war, and the short-wave station presented by Marconi has now been moved partly underground. Not only does it form the most convenient surviving link between the Church the world over, but it listens as well as broadcasts. Many an Axis claim broadcast in the morning, and claiming to involve the Church, has been repudiated by Vatican Radio in the afternoon. The *Osservatore Romano*, the Papal newspaper, enjoyed a phenomenal jump in sales up to 1941. Mussolini retaliated by cutting the Vatican's paper ration to the bone.

The Vatican's other link with the world which still functions is the Papal Railway. Only about a quarter of a mile long, it is little more than a siding. But it joins up with the Italian State Railways, and recently a cargo of foods and medical supplies was sent from the U.S.A. to Genoa, and from that port to the Vatican by rail. Not that the Vatican forms a reservoir from which Italians can buy supplies to soften the impact of war. The five entrance gates are now doubly guarded. Few visitors are now permitted, other than diplomats and church emissaries. At the Vatican's own co-operative store only residents are supplied. For other necessities such as clothes, the Vatican inhabitants themselves have to shop in Rome.

Without entering into the merits of the bombing controversy at all, one thing is certain; if ever the full fury of modern battle were to reach Rome, irreparable damage would be done even if no shot fell within the Vatican City walls. But, as Mr. Eden, has pointed out, that is a matter in which Italy has at least as much responsibility, as the Allies.

The Vatican City, the neutrality of which President Roosevelt declared in a recent letter to the Pope would be respected during military operations against Italy, occupies a position at the extreme north-west of the city of Rome. The frontiers of this tiny independent State are almost entirely guarded by walls. Outside these Papal frontiers is the world of Fascist Italy. Several roads connect the Piazza with the Tiber at Tevere. The huge circular mass of the Castel Sant' Angelo is seen rising away to the left, while more to the centre the river is seen winding its way to ancient Ostia, the classic port of Rome. Here the river forks and forms an island before it reaches the Mediterranean.



On right—**IN CLOSE PROXIMITY TO THE VATICAN. This picture was taken some years ago. Towards the left are seen the Vatican gardens: in the upper right is an area filled with factory buildings and tall chimneys. If the analogy of other towns be followed, it may be that these buildings are now part of the Italian war effort! These factories lie in a neighbourhood which is bounded by four great military barracks**

THE VATICAN, AND ITS RELATION TO THE CITY OF ROME. Vatican City—the official residence of the Pope—is an area of 108 acres within its own boundary walls: it consists of a vast irregular group of palaces, courts, chapels and offices, with a large private garden—all under the sovereignty of the Pope. In addition, there are thirteen buildings in Rome itself which (although outside Vatican City) enjoy extra-territorial rights—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert* (See notes at left)

THE VIEW OVER THE CITY OF ROME FROM THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S. In the immediate foreground is the famous Piazza of St. Peter's which juts out into the City of Rome as indicated in the large drawing above: in the distance is the River Tiber with the Castel Sant' Angelo (the circular building in the top-centre). At the last census the population of Vatican City numbered 1,025 inhabitants, of whom 853 were Italians. This view well indicates the close proximity of the big buildings of modern Rome to the ancient buildings of the old Vatican City

WHAT NEW ZEALAND HAS DONE IN THE WAR

Third of a Series of Special Articles Dealing with the Response of the British Commonwealth of Nations

By CHARLES GRAVES

NO words of praise can be too high for the part played by New Zealand in this war. Although her population is only 1,641,000, she has 157,000 men in the armed forces, who have won over 800 decorations as well as 420 Mentions in Dispatches. And throughout the war she has courageously decided that to seek out her enemy and destroy him is the first principle of war.

Ever since September 3, 1939, her policy has been one of attack. Even when Japan came into the war and threatened the whole of the Pacific, and the Government saw the outlying bastions falling one by one—Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, Wake Island, much of New Guinea and the Solomons, New Zealand still decided to go out to meet the enemy, although she was being threatened with direct invasion for the first time in her history as an independent nation of the British Commonwealth. New Zealand troops, who had been acting as garrisons in Fiji and the other Pacific islands, were reinforced and strengthened, and in spite of the invaluable aid that the New Zealand Expeditionary Force in the Middle East could have lent against invasion of its own homes, the Government decided to take the risk of keeping its force abroad.

But let us start at the beginning. The Dominion's preparations were well in hand when war broke out. Defence expenditure had been increased to nearly £3,000,000 from 1936 to 1939, and the Royal New Zealand Air Force, established early in 1937, was being equipped with modern aircraft. New and larger cruisers had been stationed in New Zealand waters, and strenuous efforts were being made to increase the numbers in the Territorial Forces. When the call came the coastal defences were manned within six hours, the Navy and Air Force were at action stations, and every step had been taken to conserve the national resources. The standing army was barely 1,000, but consisted entirely of staff officers and instructors. The reserve forces were one partly trained division, but from her farms and growing cities it was possible to draw upon thousands of hardened men of good physique. With them the Government set to work at once to form a force for service overseas, to extend the small Navy, and to train up great numbers of airmen for her own Air Force and also for the R.A.F.

In the European theatre of war New Zealand made available at once the only striking force which it had there—a number of Wellington bombers purchased in England for the Royal New Zealand Air Force, the crews of which were standing by to fly them out to New Zealand. This was No. 75 Bomber Squadron, which trained intensively throughout the harsh winter of 1939-40. By the start of the Norwegian Campaign they were ready to go into action, and one of the bombers guided the Royal Navy into Narvik for the action which destroyed the German destroyer flotilla there. Other bombers served over France during the retreat from Dunkirk.

Already the first echelon of New Zealand troops had arrived in Egypt and started desert training. When Italy declared war in June, 1940, New Zealanders formed the now legendary patrols of the Long Range Desert Group—small bands of men who penetrated in trucks far behind the enemy lines in just the way in which Lawrence of Arabia carried out his raids in the last war. They made the first motor journeys across the great Sand Sea, which had been considered impassable. They broke up Italian communications, smashed the Italian airfields which linked Libya with Abyssinia, and on one occasion travelled right across Africa to Lake Chad, destroying Italian forces on the way.

When we were threatened with invasion in 1940, part of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force in the Middle East was diverted to England and stationed near Maidstone. The sight of the New Zealanders' peaked hats is a pleasant memory. During those dark days when the Prime Minister insisted that the English Channel should justify its name at all costs, it was New Zealand crews who manned the minesweepers, the anti-invasion trawlers, and the other small craft which maintained that most dangerous series of convoys which sailed regularly past the guns of Cape Gris Nez, E-boated, shelled and dive-bombed incessantly. They were led by Commander Newman, the senior member of the New Zealand Naval Forces serving with the Royal Navy. He won a deserved D.S.O., and quite recently was promoted to the rank of captain. To-day, there are over 6,000 New Zealanders serving at sea.

Out in the Middle East, when General Sir Archibald Wavell was preparing to launch the first offensive against the Italians, who had already invaded Egypt as far as Sidi Barrani, the New Zealand troops did not number a full division, and so were not employed as fighting units. But they were not content to remain as mere drivers in their first battle.

When the attack ran into difficulty they seized their rifles, jumped from their trucks, and joined in.

By March, 1941, New Zealand had, however, a full division in the Middle East, and her troops could take part in their first full-scale battle. They were sent up as the spearhead of the British Expeditionary Force into the mountains of Greece, to meet the German invasion. The New Zealand Government agreed wholeheartedly to this use of their troops to implement the guarantee to the Greeks. The force had no easy baptism of fire. At Olympus, Thermopylæ and Marathon the New Zealanders fought some of the bitterest rearguard actions of the war, working their guns under constant air attack, with practically no protection from their own planes at all; for these were the days when only a handful of R.A.F. planes could be spared for Greece. The New Zealand troops were under the command of Major-General (now Lieut.-General) Sir Bernard C. Freyberg, V.C. He was told that the situation in the Middle East was so desperate that Crete must be defended to the last.

On May 20, 1941, came the airborne attack on the island—the first solely airborne invasion in history. For twelve days the New Zealanders fought with meagre equipment and inadequate supplies against the Germans around Maleme Aerodrome. They and the other troops on Crete destroyed, often in deadly night bayonet attacks, the bulk of the famous Nazi Seventh Flying Division. But, in the end, lack of equipment and of air support forced the British to evacuate to Egypt.

Back in Egypt, the New Zealanders had little rest. The Middle East was short of troops, and Rommel was already at Halfaya Pass threatening Egypt, besieging Tobruk. In the "Crusader" offensive of November, 1941, which was mounted to relieve Tobruk and smash Rommel in Cyrenaica, the New Zealanders were given at first the role of cutting off the German fortress positions at Halfaya and Bardia. They did this, and the two fortresses ultimately yielded over 10,000 prisoners. But another more dangerous task was suddenly thrust on them.

On the terrible field of Sidi Rezegh two New Zealand brigades fought the 15th and 21st Armoured Divisions throughout the closing days of November. Finally, the Germans secured the Ridge. The effort had, however, been so costly—particularly among their infantry, decimated by the New Zealand bayonet attacks—that they withdrew, and Tobruk was liberated. During this battle, men of the 21st New Zealand Battalion captured the first German general to be taken by the British in this war—General von Ravenstein.

The battle of Sidi Rezegh was hardly finished before news came to New Zealand that Japan had attacked Pearl Harbour. Any false safety of distance had disappeared.

To form the armies necessary for New Zealand's defence at home, complete mobilisation was carried out. At the end of 1942 more than one man out of every three of military age was under arms. All men up to the age of forty-five, regardless of whether they were married or had children, were called up for the armed forces or placed in essential industry. Older men were enrolled in the Home Guard. This gives New Zealand forces which, in proportion to population, are equivalent to a United States Army, Navy and Air Force, of a strength of 13,000,000 men and a Home Guard of 8,000,000 men.

When the Japanese pressed down towards the Solomons, the few anti-aircraft guns which New Zealand possessed were sent from positions around her own cities to protect the vital airfields in Fiji.

At home the country worked night and day to get ports, camps and aerodromes ready, so that New Zealand might serve as a base from which United Nations forces could stage a counter-attack against the Japanese. In August, 1942, that counter-attack began. United States Marines, many of whom had carried out their final training on the beaches of New Zealand, landed on Guadalcanar Island and captured the airfield. By October, New Zealand fliers had gone to join the Americans at Henderson Field, and New Zealand troops moved into New Caledonia and other islands.

In Britain, purely New Zealand Fighter Reconnaissance and Torpedo Squadrons were now serving alongside No. 75 Bomber Squadron. By the end of 1942, in all the R.A.F. Commands there were squadrons manned entirely by New Zealanders.

At sea, the cruiser *Leander*, a sister-ship of *Achilles*, took part in the Syrian campaign, bombarding the coast road to protect Australian troops advancing against the Vichy forces. She was then sent into the Indian Ocean.

But these were small actions. In the summer of 1942, however, came the greatest land battles which New Zealand had so far fought in this war. On the fateful June 13, in which Rommel in one day wiped out the British tank strength in North Africa, raced on to take Tobruk and advanced into Egypt, the New Zealand Division was still in Syria. They were rushed down from the mountains in trucks, travelling 1,200 miles across Palestine and the Sinai Desert in ten days, and put straight into action in the Western Desert. At Minquar Quaim, south of Matruh, Rommel attacked five times in one day against two New Zealand brigades. The attacks were beaten off, but General Freyberg was wounded and the position surrounded. That night the New Zealanders attacked with bayonets. A breach was made in the enemy encirclement. Through this the transport of the New Zealand Division poured.

El Alamein held, and at last the New Zealanders could pass from the defensive to the offensive. Their Division was assigned once again a leading role. Its infantry had the task of breaking into the German positions so that the British tanks could pass through the minefields and engage the enemy. This they did late in October. In another bayonet attack at night, in the greenish light of the desert moon and in the glare of the greatest barrage that has ever been laid down in the desert, they made the gap.

The New Zealanders were then grouped with two British Armoured Divisions into the 10th Corps. For the first time the Eighth Army had weapons which were as good, if not better, than the Germans. 'This thunderbolt," as Churchill called the 10th Corps, hurled itself against Rommel's tanks at El Alamein, smashed the Afrika Corps, raced forward to capture Halfaya Pass in a few minutes, hit Rommel's rearguard at Agheila, and led the way into Tripoli. It was the transfer of the New Zealand Division, together with the 4th Indian Division from the Eighth Army to the First Army, which finally broke the back of German resistance in Tunisia. That has been perhaps the most glorious moment in the history of New Zealand—so far.

MEN OF A MAORI BATTALION take part in National Ceremonies at Ohinemutu. Ohinemutu, a native settlement near Auckland, was the scene of this picturesque gathering of representatives of all the Maori tribes in the Dominion at a Conference which was opened by the New Zealand Prime Minister to deal with the large number of problems arising out of the war and rehabilitation. Mr. Fraser spoke at length, stating that the Government wished to know the mind of the Maori people. The importance of the Conference was stressed as sealing all past differences. The men of the Maori Battalion are seen lined up in front of the native Meeting-House

PICTURES from the HOME FRONT

HANDICRAFTS PASS THE TIME FOR THE SOLDIER CONVALESCENTS : Men who are convalescent at a Military Hospital in Northern Ireland are being trained in handicrafts of various kinds. They make ladies' bags, trinkets, mats and other useful articles. This kind of occupation gives them an interesting pastime and helps to shorten the period of convalescence. The woman in the picture above is Lieut. King, of the R.C.A.M.C. : she is the Officer in Charge, and she is demonstrating how a wallet should be made to Lance-Corporal R. Holt, a dispatch rider, of Iver, Bucks. Private C. Chapple, also a dispatch rider, is looking on

A FAMOUS U.S. FILM STAR VISITS WOUNDED AMERICAN SOLDIERS : Bob Hope, Film and Radio Comedian, giving his autograph to a Pittsburgh soldier during a visit to an American Base Hospital in the South of England

PEACE AND WAR IN A SQUARE IN CENTRAL LONDON : Children from four London schools (three of them were destroyed during the heavy air raids) now attend classes held in a fine open space in the centre of much-bombed Central London, under the direction of the London County Council. With plenty of games and exercises, the children all show a definite improvement in health. The background to their open-air school is, as this picture shows, a group of heavily-bombed buidlings

A CLERK AND A HOUSEMAID NOW WORK ON DIESEL ENGINES FOR BUSES IN WILTSHIRE : Mrs. Violet Porter (in foreground) is believed to be the only woman in England doing expert work on Diesel engines in Salisbury, for buses operating in Wiltshire and Dorset. She is assisted by Miss Sheila Patience, who was formerly a housemaid. Mrs. Porter joined the bus company 2½ years ago as a conductress : after training in the company's own Diesel pump shops, she later went to the engine-makers' shops in Manchester for a further specialised course of instruction

THE FIRST CANADIAN ARMY WOMAN MEDICAL OFFICER GOES OUT WITH THE SICILY INVADERS : Captain Marion Ross was the first woman to be commissioned as a medical officer in the Canadian Army. She is a graduate of the University of Toronto, and has done post-graduate work at the University of London : before joining the R.C.A.M.C. in November 1942 she was employed as a bacteriologist under the British Ministry of Health. Captain Ross went with the Canadian Sicily invasion forces to the Mediterranean area a short while ago

STREET SCENE IN A LONDON SUBURBAN AREA IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF WAR : How the women of Britain are wearing, and adorning, the new Utility clothes : Britain is near the end of the fourth year of war, yet her women can still look like the girls in this picture. This, to a great extent, is thanks to Utility clothes which, introduced eighteen months ago, have done much to keep women smart. Take, for instance, the dresses pictured here. All are Utility dresses, and not one of them costs more than 60s.! The dress on the extreme left is yellow and made of linen, with collars and sleeves bordered with the same material in brown. The girl astride the bicycle wears the perfect dress for summer cycling. Appropriately named Battledress, this design has its bodice built on the lines of a British army uniform. In the centre is a dress suitable for the summer warmth or for cooler days. Pale blue Frescoline, an artificial silk with white shadow stripe, makes the dress worn by the girl in the white boater. It is modelled on classic shirt-waist lines and fastens down the front—a frock for all occasions, and one that will not date during the war period. The dress on the right is another classic style, in coral linen trimmed with navy blue

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

INTERESTING FACTS AND POWERFUL FICTION

France is Still Full of Frenchmen; Charles Graves, The Compleat Home Guard; The Progress of Siménon; Rex Stout and James M. Fox in Classic Detection and Tough Fiction

DURING the past year there have been two novels written by men who have understood, loved and respected the French people, and who have been able to portray them with all their failings and weaknesses. One was American, one British, and both wrote mainly of Paris, and of what has been described as the lower middle class. In *A Narrow Street*, Mr. Eliot Paul dealt with a small part of the life of the Left Bank, not as it is lived by artists and writers, but by innkeepers, grocers, cobblers and madams. His picture was a true one, detailed with infinite care and a kind of nostalgic affection.

Mr. Bruce Marshall's YELLOW TAPERS FOR PARIS (Constable. 8s. 6d.) has, if anything, an even smaller group of characters, yet his scope is greater, for he has attempted to show through the lives of these few people, and through their reactions to contemporary events, how France drifted to defeat not during the war months, but in the years between 1934 and 1940.

The author's foreword might be quoted here: "This novel has been written in an attempt to show some of the reasons why France lost the war; it was her defects and not her qualities which were responsible. This book is not, however, to be interpreted as an indictment of a nation which I have known and admired and loved for fifteen years and which is now suffering terribly, although through no fault of its own. Still less is the novel to be read as an assertion that Saxon virtues are more numerous than Gallic virtues, because I don't think they are. Britain has her own Duponts and Terrasses and Bacos and Chanus, and they might have pulled her down into the pit too had it not been for the twenty-two miles of sea and the courage of her airmen."

Like a refrain recurring through the story, Mr. Marshall has used a brief summary of Government legislation through the relevant year, satirising its futility by an inspired selection. All these little sections start, for instance, with the words: "The politicians really began to get down to things," and proceed to list a number of State measures, and of popular movements which, seen from this year in history, are fatuous at best. Year after year they decide to suppress tax evasion. Year after year they decide to do away with wooden railway carriages. And year after year their ineptitude fosters the profound cynicism which is taking the place of the Frenchman's love of country.

Although, since he began that series of books of which *The Thin Blue Line* was the first, the Royal Air Force has claimed Mr. Charles Graves's working hours, together with a few dashes into E-Boat Alley with the Royal Navy, it is clear that these highlights have not dimmed his appreciation of the less picturesque but none the less solid and useful work done by the Home Guard.

Charles Graves was one of the original L.D.V.s, and has a consistent record of indefatigable service in his own unit. In that he is indistinguishable from hundreds of thousands of other stout hearts who donned the denims in 1940 with little but their courage and the crudest of improvised weapons to sustain them. But, on his lawful occasions, Mr. Graves was seeing the war from such exciting vantage points as Fighter Stations during the Battle of Britain, in Channel convoys when the *Luftwaffe* dominated the Straits, and in buccaneering exploits with what are known as "our light naval forces." Yet he was always back on parade for Home Guard exercises.

THE HOME GUARD OF BRITAIN (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is a comprehensive and carefully documented record of the coming into being of this "fantastic force" under the threat of invasion and of its development into an army to be reckoned with and one to which the Prime Minister has recently paid such a stirring tribute. In it Mr. Graves nicely balances personal experience with official records. It is a book which every member of this great volunteer army will want to read and many will want to preserve to re-read in the days to come.

I cannot decide whether the present tendency of writers of detective action to give their readers two complete stories in one volume is more or less generous than their old practice of allotting at least 70,000 words to the unfolding of their tales. One thing on which I am clear is that this is not due to the exigencies of wartime production, which does make for a certain amount of "doubling-up," since in the two instances of which I am writing at present, Mr. Rex Stout's book was intended primarily for American consumption, and M. Siménon's follows the format which he set for himself at least five years ago.

First of all, then, BLACK ORCHIDS (Collins. 7s. 6d.), which shows Mr. Stout at his most ingenious, and his elephantine detective, Nero Wolfe, at his most didactic. In this story, as a matter of fact, the Giant Sloth becomes the Giant Sleuth and moves out of his house long enough to attend a flower show where there is a magnificent display of the flowers he himself cultivates. There he sees and covets three plants of black orchids, and solves a murder mystery to attain them. A laudable display of energy on his part, since his usual recipe for work is one part detection by his indefatigable, milk-swilling associate, Archie, and three parts cerebration from himself, sunk in a suitably vast armchair.

TWO INDUSTRIAL MAGNATES HONOURED BY THE KING. At a recent Investiture at the Palace, Sir Graham Cunningham and Sir John Black received their knighthoods. Above they are seen leaving after the ceremony: Sir John and Lady Black are on the left (Lady Black in her W.A.A.F. uniform); Sir Graham and Lady Cunningham on the right. Sir John Black is the head of the Standard Motor Company; Sir Graham Cunningham is Controller-General of Munitions Production at the Ministry of Supply and also Chairman of the Triplex Safety Glass Company, Ltd.: he is a cousin of Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham and of Lieut.-General Sir Alan Cunningham

In the same book the other story concerns the death, by murderously induced tetanus, of one of those rare women specialists who organise parties for other people to give. The orchids are the only, and extremely tenuous, link between the two stories, since their blossoms are laid on the coffin of the victim.

Mr. Stout has worked out an excellent balance between the static and the active in these tales, as in all the Nero Wolfe series, and I recommend him as being in the front rank of writers of detective action. His work is never dull, never obvious and never suffers from cheapness.

The work of M. Georges Siménon is a very different matter and, in fact, the element of detection is lacking altogether from each of the two stories in his new volume, ESCAPE IN VAIN (Routledge. 8s. 6d.).

In both cases here, the author is telling the story of a crime; and the reader is allowed to follow the murderer through every stage of impulse, indecision, action and panic. From the point of view of the general reader, I think it a pity that both stories in the present book should deal with such parallel types: mean, furtive and invertebrate young men, with a passion for petty ostentation.

Crimes, the criminologists will tell you, are often made easier of solution because of the inordinate vanity of the men who commit them. They will carry newspaper cuttings about themselves, or about their victims. They will boast, with only a pathetic pretence of anonymity, in bars and trains. They will go back to the places where the crimes were committed, to see what changes they have made there. All these foibles help the police, and all these foibles are known to that student of crime, Siménon. To those people who are interested in the progress of Siménon as a writer of some stature, this volume will prove more interesting, for the fact that he seems to be abandoning the technique of detection in favour of an observation of the motives for the crime itself, may mark another step in his progress as a serious writer. He has been called a poet of the sordid, and with reason. But he is more than that; he is a truly objective writer, wise, humane and brilliant.

If Siménon is as Gallic as a throaty aside by Jean Gabin, so James M. Fox is as American as Humphrey Bogart in his best trapped-rat manner. Hollywood, as we all know, has been rescued from its crime-doesn't-pay hangover from gangsterdom by the war, though the text is still "God bless the F.B.I."

Though millions of cinema-goers and readers of fiction in this country will have discovered that the nice boys to whom they have given cups of tea do not talk like Messrs. Bogart and Raft, nor do their girl friends understand the jargon of that famous writer, Gipsy Rose Lee, nevertheless, the rough, tough gangster stuff is as American as the Wild West lingo of Zane Grey or the now-outmoded slang of O. Henry.

So up the F.B.I.!

HELL ON THE WAY (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.) opens by finding Erich Adler lying in a ditch somewhere down on Long Island, and being trailed into New York City by State troopers and other cops until he contacts a smooth Wop called Sardoni somewhere up in Yorkville. His papers say he was born in Milwaukee, the son of German parents, but they don't go on to add that he can jive a pretty tune to the satisfaction of any hep cat, or that he knows how to handle a rod, and dodge a lethal knife.

In fact, little Erich is seldom out of trouble, pinching cars, slugging truck drivers and generally leading the cops a dance, pausing every now and then to make a play for an assortment of ladies to whom he refers as mice.

The point where, little by little, Erich becomes merged into the personality of Captain John Conger Marshall, U.S.A., is where we introduce our pæan to the F.B.I. to the accompaniment of pyrotechnics from bombs, ammunition dumps and Chicago pianos. We found him in a ditch and we leave him in another one. "I 'm tired of getting shot at," he says. "Wonderful ditch, most convenient, plenty of elbow-room. Hell, this is where I came in, a ditch by the side of a road."

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"THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK," 1943

In the year in which the publishers, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., celebrate their centenary, *The Statesman's Year-Book* appears in its eightieth issue. Once again it is the purpose of the Year-Book to record the prevailing conditions in all lands, and though the war has checked the normal flow of statistics, it is nevertheless surprising how many statistical returns are available. These will be found incorporated in the present volume including much additional information about Soviet Russia, and the complete returns of the Census taken in India on March 1, 1941. The Year-Book is a work of reference pre-eminent in Government circles all over the world—to mirror that world, to survey each state in it is its purpose and the Editor has admirably carried out that task.

SIR HENRY WOOD JOINS THE "PROMENADE" AUDIENCE. Now happily recovered from his recent illness, the famous conductor attended a recent "Prom" as a member of the audience. He was quite unnoticed, and enjoyed the concert from his unusual position (in the box at the right)

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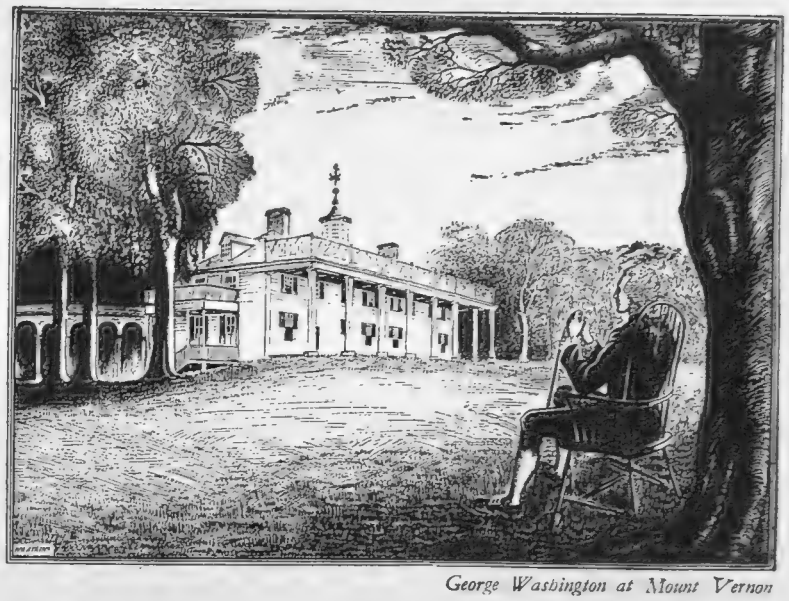

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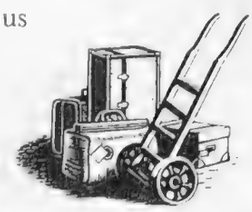

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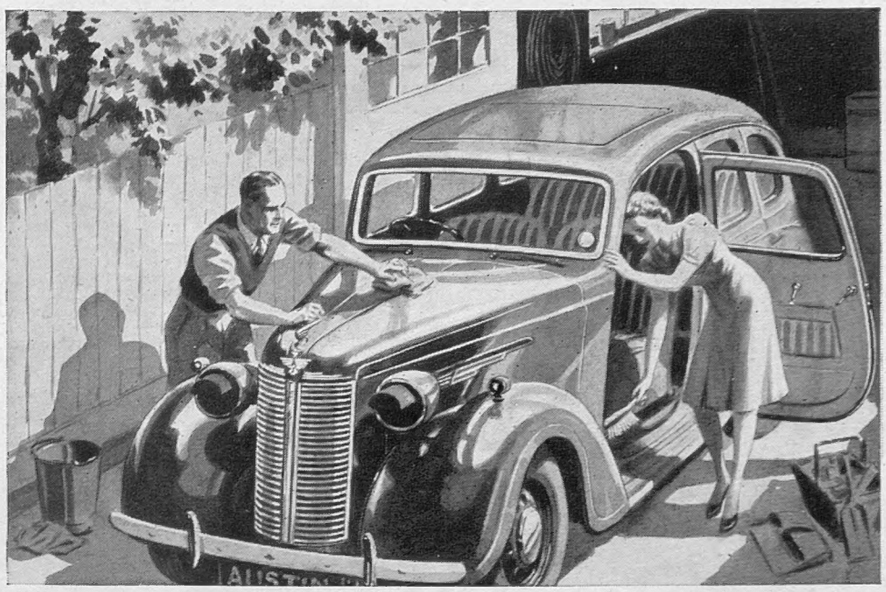

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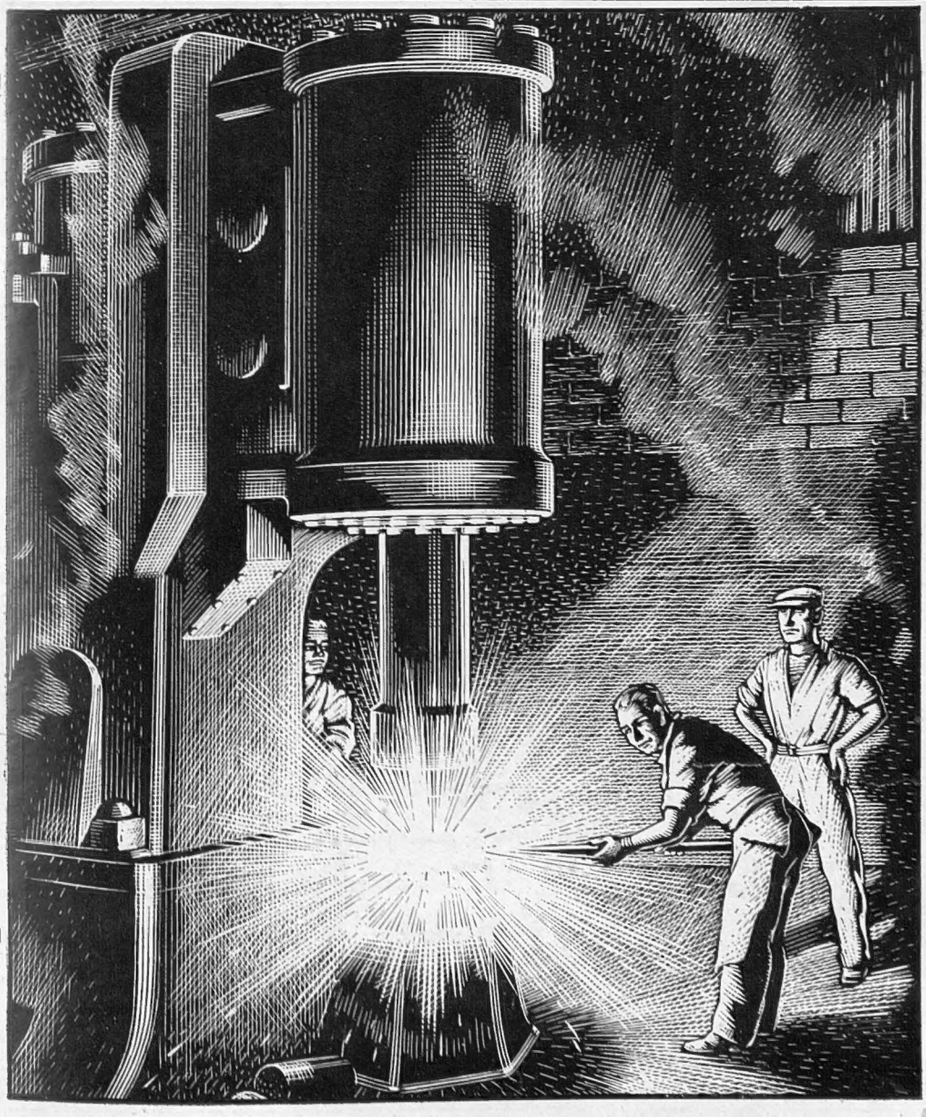

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Records of all communications referring to these Glasses are being kept for the purpose of contacting the writers at a later date. Shall we add your name to the list ?

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